



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

WILLARD S. ALLEN, treasurer of the Preachers' Aid Society of the New England Conference of the Methodist Church, has written a letter from Montreal to the pastor of his church in Boston, confessing to a theft of \$80,000—money which he lost in speculation, and since then he has been a fugitive from city to city. The defaulter has been treasurer of this society for twelve years, clerk of the East Boston District for twenty-nine years, and a member of the School Committee of Boston for sixteen years. Mr. Allen was evidently a much esteemed man, but the speculative mania seems to have got in his head and numbed his conscience until he robbed the poor old preachers who were likely to lean upon the fund for sustenance, to an extent which is simply phenomenal. It has been said of me that I always look for flaws in the organization and administration of religious bodies. Why shouldn't I? These flaws are numerous, and they are attributable to the one cause of over-confidence in the spiritual goodness of the man who has control of the funds. In secular concerns people demand security; in spiritual affairs the man who makes the loudest protestations of a change of heart and of a devotion to the cause is permitted to handle the funds without security, though security companies keep tabs on men whom they guarantee. Religious communities are unable to do this, inasmuch as they are supposed to avoid those worldly walks in which men are tempted to speculation. How do we find these things at home? It is not necessary to go to Boston for examples of speculative mania seizing men who are supposed to be spiritually minded. It might be well to ask what security churches have for their funds; if the custodians of them are to be permitted to endanger them by speculation or to enhance them by irreligious profits, made by the rise or fall of stocks. The whole business is resolving itself into a commercial problem of whether business probity is to be recognized or whether professed piety is to overawe the bank manager when an overdraft is desired. I am very slow in giving advice to my religious brethren, but I would suggest to them that when they put their funds in the care-taking of any specially good man they had better have some security which will at least hamper those in charge in seizing for speculative purposes moneys which have been raised for eleemosynary or missionary concerns. That a bank is said to have been formed in our city with special piety and a nearness to trust funds is indicative of an over-confidence in the personalities of those concerned. If these dear brethren, for whom I have the kindest regard, would be good enough to take the advice of one who is repeatedly accused of sitting in the seats of the scornful, they will get a guarantee company to see that the funds are not blown in in some ungodly way.

BEHIND everything that we see in politics showing the degeneracy of the citizen, there is some educational defect which ought to be remedied. The introduction of the Bible into Public schools or some settled plan to make people work harder for a place in the next world than for a decent reputation in this, would not rectify the constitutional defect which is everywhere manifesting itself. No one who is observant of public affairs can deny the great change that has come over the bringing up of children and their preparation for their place in the workaday world. Unfortunately, axioms written hundreds of years ago are still quoted, and rules of conduct are sought to be enforced which are centuries out of date. I could transcribe a dozen old copy headlines which would not withstand argument for five minutes. I appreciate the intention and deprecate the unwisdom of much advice that I received in youth. People nowadays must try to bring up their children with a certain aptitude for the conditions of life as they will find them, not as they were found by axiom-makers centuries ago.

I have had much to do with boys, in my business and out of it, and I have seldom found one who had not been taught that a boy was to be seen and not heard, no matter whether he had anything to say or not. Nevertheless, he is generally heard at the wrong time and never seen when he is needed. Recently I have been very much impressed with the idea that boys should be told the importance of their slender mission as boys, and should be well impressed with the stronger mission with which they should be entrusted when they are older. It seems to me that we should teach our boys that they are of some importance; that they should understand that they have a place in the world, and should adapt themselves to it. This should necessitate a choice of something which has to be done which the boy feels that he can do. Parents get old and impoverish themselves in educating children who, when educated, are no good to anybody. The real idea of education is to bring up children to be worthy and not to be less self-sacrificing than the parents who struggled to give them a place in life. The piteous feature of having to deal with boys as an employer is the absolute disregard of responsibility which ninety-nine out of a hundred represent. They are working for nothing in particular. Perhaps they divide their earnings with their parents; perhaps they avoid responsibility of all kind. Youngsters of twenty-one or twenty-two get married and start raising children when their parents need their assistance. I quite agree with the women critics of President Roosevelt who have been pouring hot shot into his idea that raising children is the chief aim of mankind. Taking care of parents is quite a little task, and it should be observed. Old people are let starve or sent to homes where the care taken of them is very superficial, by boys and girls who get married and raise families which they cannot support. In the great world of competition in which we exist I am inclined to believe that we have to take measures which would have been thought unworthy when population was the only thing desired. The sincerest believer in God cannot believe that He desires anything except that the best thing shall be worked out by the best people. Evolution proves that there is nothing for us but to produce and properly sustain the best. Nothing has shown the change of public sentiment and the morality of women more than the recent fight against population being the chief aim of those who marry. Large families, I am convinced, produce the happiest results in married life, but the terrible sacrifices of both men and women who devote themselves to the rearing of a large progeny can hardly be computed. The interminable dispute going on in the United States newspapers over this topic presumably admits that there are methods of making families small and of avoiding the troubles of maternity. There is no longer any excuse for concealment in this matter. If it is right to prevent large families or even a progeny numbering more than one or two, it is right; if it is wrong, it is wrong. We may be convinced by the returns afforded us by the Government of a decrease of the birth list, that a very large number of parents consider it is right to use such methods as ensure small families. To make it a crime to do so is to impose on the general public a law which is certain to be disregarded, and consequently make criminals of a very large class who think they are only doing justice to themselves in disobeying what the Legislature has stated is compulsory. If this statement of the Legislature is not changed or if human nature is not changed, the variance of the two will produce a chaotic condition which will not be to the advantage of law and order.

This is an abstract question which perhaps may not be fairly debatable. The doctrine that every child is born to be useful is something that we have a right to consider. The ordinary boy when he enters a business office is so overwhelmed by the responsibilities, small as they are, which are imposed upon him, that he evades them all instead of undertaking them seriously. A youngster starting in business should undertake every task which is assigned to him as being vital and necessary to his progress. He emerges from his home an unimportant entity, and he has to be in three or four situations before he finds himself a person of the slightest importance. With a cocksureness which is born of ignorance and is nurtured in the homes of the ill-informed,

where boys think much of themselves but are treated as nobodies, they have no real sense that their importance is only in accordance with their usefulness. With much experience with regard to these youngsters, I very much regret the old period of apprenticeship in which the individuality of the boy was merged very largely in that of the employer. Now we have an individuality without an aim, a career without a purpose, and it results badly. Parents who have charge of boys should consult the aptitude of the child but dominate the education of the youth. It is a crying evil from which every business man suffers, that the office boy is no longer an apprentice, but merely takes the wages he receives either as a personal matter or one in which the parents are interested. The result of it all is a great big batch of aimless youths who drift about from warehouse to warehouse, from office to office, from store to store, without receiving a regular education in any walk of life.

THE Richmond Hill "Liberal," a paper of which perhaps few readers of this page have ever heard, endeavors to read a lesson on good language to "Saturday Night." In its concluding sentence it says that reference to the "Mail and Empire" "boarded" very closely on blasphemy. If the Richmond Hill editor would take a few terms at a night school he would probably be able to spell and to talk sense.

WE are told that the revenue of the city for the past year was \$7,496,903.55. The outlay, we are also told, was \$6,977,146.71. It is pleasant to know what we are spending and how much is being collected by taxation, but the hardship of paying more taxes than one ought remains the same. We are also told—figures are intensely interesting—that we use 18,425 horse power of electricity, which at the point of delivery at Niagara Falls would be ten dollars, and that this energy would cost us \$18.96 delivered in Toronto, though if we went into the business we would

tion that is being offered, must suggest itself as being superficial or at least artificial. I must admit that the project looks fascinating to me, but the fact remains that I do not understand. Possibly the most fascinating things in life are the things we do not understand. In a general way we imagine that great things can be done by an unusual procedure. But these delightful dreams should not be the basis of business propositions. We should know. Unless the Grand Trunk is rushing into a perilously unknown proposition it should have some facts and figures which should be furnished to the public. Unless the Government is accepting a wildcat scheme there should be something definite about the proposition that they are submitting to the people. Altogether it must be admitted that while the voice is that of Jacob the hand is that of Esau, and we can nominate our Jacobs and Esaus as we like.

TALKING about boys and their education, it seems to me that not only should teachers and parents teach them that they are important factors of the commercial world, but that educators as a rule should teach them habits of accuracy which will never be displaced. I often have applications from young men who address me as Mr. —, or misspell my name. I at once throw these in the waste-paper basket, for if a boy or a man cannot take the trouble to find out my initials and the proper spelling of my name and the position I hold on the paper I control, they would not take the trouble to find out the initials or the name of anybody concerned in the publication which can only be popular by the proper spelling and the use of the proper initials of the people who are mentioned in it. Those who dash off letters of application, putting blanks in for the initials and making misstatements and misspelling the names of those concerned, have no chance on earth of being appointed to a place. As I have said before, they at once announce that they are so disregarding of these niceties which make the world endurable



A DOG-DAY DILEMMA.

Sir Wilfrid, as Watch-dog Blair makes a rear-end attack.—"Another Tory trick! Soon as he got loose they sicced him on!"

have to charge \$38.16. I consider these figures very high, but they are much lower than what is being charged to small consumers in this city. If, as the expert reports, we can market 25,000 horse power, the price can very well be reduced to \$33. Alderman Dunn believes that the price named could not be underscored by steam-produced power. Practically we are helpless in the hands of experts while we have no experts of our own. We elect our neighbors and friends to office entirely regardless of what they can do for us in the essentials of our businesses. Is it not true, when taxation is so high—not only municipal, but corporate—that our affairs were placed in the hands of competent people who would see that we do not get the worst of it?

THE "News" of August 8th had a long and intelligent account of the losses that were made by the Elgin people in the Ames failure. It was encouraging, perhaps, to stock speculators, but saddening to the ones conversant with the suffering occasioned, to see such things drop out of public memory. Rowley, for wrecking the Elgin Loan Company, has received twelve years in the penitentiary. Those who wrecked the Atlas Loan Company appear to have stayed within the law and to have escaped punishment. Rowley was a petty and poorly advised pincher from his loan company, yet he has had to suffer this long imprisonment while those who did inestimably greater harm escape. Men now wear frock coats and parade in Sabbatarian uniform who ought to be in Kingston with Mr. Rowley. It is a sickening commentary on the business life of Canada that men who should be undergoing a term, except for technicalities, are still the leaders in large transactions. It cannot be contended that the people know much more than they knew before. Those in whom they reposed confidence are still the custodians of funds which would be much more wisely deposited with responsible people.

IT might be well to bear in mind one strong point made in favor of the Grand Trunk Pacific, that in its Quebec-Moncton route it will always be from thirty to seventy-five miles from the Intercolonial. This could hardly be considered paralleling the existing route, for no farmer or lumberman is nowadays prepared to do business at such long range. What we do not know, and practically what we are not allowed to know, is whether there is any farmer or lumberman who will be prepared to provide freight to the new line. It must not be supposed that the country through which the Quebec-Moncton section of the G. T. P. will run, is unprovided with railroads. As a matter of fact, Edmundston, through which the new line is supposed to go, is connected with St. John, N.B., by existing roads. Our country is so vast that we hardly know how to estimate the advantage of colonization roads. If the line is to be of great advantage to New Brunswick, we can sincerely wonder at Mr. Blair's opposition. Surely, if it will develop New Brunswick the man who has been the forefront of progress in that province would hardly object to it. As we think about the thing, our ignorance of the whole route must dawn upon us and the enthusiasm and eagerness of the Government, in face of the opposi-

tion that they would be utterly useless. Why should there not be a lecture given occasionally by the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses of Toronto on what it is that makes a boy a desirable office hand and a competitor for the best place in a business? Why should boys consider themselves mere drudges after being amply educated, when they go into the employment of those who may make them superior people? Why is everything missed that is really a matter of education, or rather a matter of information? I was told when I first entered a newspaper office never to have the initials wrong or to misspell a name, because every man imagines that he should be well enough known to have his name put right in print. The poor, miserable way that boys are educated is a trial to every business man. He puts the initials wrong, spells the name incorrectly, and in three or four cases out of ten will put the address so as to mislead the postman and delay the delivery of the message. The boy's morals may be unhappy, that is the concern of his employer; he has to see after those who work for him. That the boy himself is inaccurate, incorrect, and is working entirely for pay day, is the fault of his education. The world is wide and opportunities for those who use their ability to serve their employers are very great. That our system of education does not produce this class of boys is greatly to be regretted.

THE effort of Canada to be good and have nothing wrong going on within its borders is interesting, inasmuch as the people differ to a great extent with regard to what is wrong. They have prize-fights and other objectionable amusements at Fort Erie. The toughs who engineer these things might as well understand that while there is a strong sentiment in Canada for the prevention of prize-fighting and illegitimate racing, it is not nearly as strong as the idea that we shall not be utilized by our neighbors for carryings on which are considered illegitimate in the United States. There was a time when the Rio Grande was an open territory, but this country, unlike Mexico, cannot afford to be thought a debatable territory in which all sorts of things can be proceeded with without objection. That the great South-West has been reformed, that men cannot simply cross the river and escape punishment, should be a broad lesson to Canada not to allow in Ontario what is prohibited in New York.

WHILE there was the slightest hope that my old friend Alex Pirie of the Dundas "Banner" would survive the self-inflicted wound which caused his death, I felt that it would be kinder to remain silent on the subject than to make any remarks with regard to the painful episode which has saddened all of Mr. Pirie's friends. What has been said in the various newspapers has been of the most sympathetic sort, but had he survived they would have been the most painful reminiscences of the moment when life seemed most dull and grey. I do not know that it is necessary for anyone to make an apology for a friend who decides that life is no longer worth living and takes some means to end it. Yet Pirie was the last man that any of his friends would have thought liable to so extreme a means of ending his

heartaches. Bright of eye and gentle of speech, he was always the most welcome guest at the little bachelor parties where I remember him first. His ready wit was never malicious, his punning and his stories were so obviously kind in intent that he never gave offence. When he was married somewhat late in life to a charming woman who was in every way his good angel, his friends were astounded to hear him tell, almost with wearisome detail, the supreme happiness of his domestic life. Within my memory there never was such a change in anyone who was known as a clubman and after-dinner speaker and as a delightful raconteur. His ambition seemed to be to get as quickly as possible from his office to his home, and when a couple of years ago his wife died his friends felt very much concerned, because he refused to do anything but mope around the house. His experience in politics was rather disappointing, and the man with a heart bowed down cannot stand many popular set-backs. I believe our friend Pirie was entirely sane, but so absolutely sorrowful and life seemed so little worth living that at an instant when there was no cheerful voice or kindly hand to divert him from his purpose he took his own life. It is a sad commentary on the reaction caused by a falling down of high hopes and losing of loving contacts, which must appeal to everybody. It is perhaps not reassuring to think that so few men love their wives or so few wives love their husbands with intensity sufficient to make them refuse to live after a loved one has gone. In the case of A. F. Pirie we cannot but mourn the departure of one whose sole aim seemed to be to make life pleasant for others. And probably no momentary cerebral impulse such as resulted in his death will ever meet with more heartfelt forgiveness or loving excuses.

MUCH editorial ado is being made about the twelve years' sentence imposed by Judge Ermatinger on George Rowley, who wrecked the Elgin Loan Company. The plea of the culprit was that of a weak man overwhelmed with self-pity. He did not forget to express his compassion for others who were ruined but were not likely to be incarcerated, but his story was full of sorrow for himself, and fortunately for our morals none of the newspapers have felt like blending their tears with his. As Judge Ermatinger remarked, "Rowley's career was free from the temptations which so violently assailed the ordinary criminal." A lust for the excitement of speculation started him on his downward career, and a feverish anxiety to make up his losses kept him going till he has been finally located at Kingston. The average man, if he feels sympathy for a criminal, should expend his sentiment upon those who have no anchor, no restraining influences, are without shelter, food or raiment. This tearfulness over men who have been leaders in religious work and yet have robbed the public is inappropriate and is apt to teach the rising generation that they should pretend much if they expect to have mercy shown to them. The robber who takes our money under the guise of a friend and spiritual adviser is much more dangerous than even desperate criminals like Quackenbush, who are hunted from morn till night like mad dogs. What has an ex-convict to hope for? What has a man who has been branded as a felon to expect but ostracism? What society can he hope to enter except that of the criminal class? What pursuit will be open to him except crime? The temptations in such a case are a thousandfold stronger than those which assail a respectable citizen who gambles with other people's funds and when detected becomes a weeping Isaac who casts himself on the bosom of justice and asks for mercy. The world has had enough of such men, and if absolute honesty is taught to the boys and girls at school they can very well afford to cut out the pretentiousness which misleads public confidence and frequently involves communities in common ruin.

PROVOST MACKLEM of Trinity College has written a letter to the newspapers asking those who oppose federation to append to their signatures of protest such subscriptions as will keep Trinity off the financial rocks. He points out that "the friends of multiple universities, as opposed to university federation, have now had three years in which to organize their forces and collect funds in support of their views." In conclusion he expresses the hope "that they will place the result of their efforts, without delay, before the University Corporation in some form which, if not actual cash, can, by being discounted at the bank, be rendered available for the immediate needs of Trinity as an independent university." I do not know when I have felt sorer for a good man trying to do his duty than I do for Provost Macklem, whose whole life has been one story of goodness and self-sacrifice. That he has been so unfeelingly flouted in his efforts to place Trinity on a sounder foundation is but the result men must always expect who try to do good for goodness' sake. That the Provost has any ambition or material interests to serve nobody suspects. That he is either weak or uninformed could not be asserted by the most violent of his opponents. The beauty of his career, the expenditure of his private fortune, the kindness of his nature, and the sincere affection that men feel for him, should at least save him from the uncharitable innuendoes and unkindly remarks of some who are unworthy to unfasten his shoes.

AT the instance of Mr. Belcourt, M.P., a charge has been laid against the Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association, comprising twenty-eight companies, for a conspiracy to increase rates. A second action may be taken under section 527 of the Criminal Code, which states "every one is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to seven years' imprisonment who in any case not hereinbefore provided for, conspires with any person to commit an indictable offence." Ottawa should be the last city in Canada to protect against higher insurance rates, for it has done more harm in creating dangerous risks and high rates than any other place in the Dominion. That insurance men are becoming "leery" of Ottawa and Hull is natural enough, inasmuch as they have had such great losses there. The remainder of Canada has not only had to share the losses, but has been asked to assist the sufferers. Between the two, Ottawa should take the hint and make itself a better place for risks. Toronto has to pay a considerable portion of the excess rate charged by foreign companies for Ottawa losses; it has also paid a considerable share in contributions to those who have been burned out in Ottawa and Hull. This sort of thing is not an accident, because it occurred too often. The Capital of the Dominion may make the kick, but the next time it has a fire it will pay the shot.

NO paper was more enthusiastic in praise of Detective Forrest, who captured Quackenbush and his two pals, than "Saturday Night." But it seems the police never quite learn to take care of their prisoners after they get them, for these scoundrels managed between the hearing in the Police Court at the City Hall and the jail to file themselves loose and to escape from their escort at the jail steps. One man got away, and if they had been as desperate as Rice and his party a tragedy might have ensued. The slumgullion style of taking care of desperate prisoners is out of date in Toronto, for if it had not been for the work of a fireman, Quackenbush, a desperate criminal, would have probably got away. Something should be done, it is evident, to convey prisoners from the place of trial to the place of confinement without affording them an opportunity for escape. It is not a compliment to the Toronto police that they handle prisoners with desperate records so loosely.

THE Imperial Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire at Montreal is an interesting episode which bids fair to make more easy the binding together of the colonies with commercial ties. That the colonies are getting together in any kind of shape is worthy of note, and should be encouraging to those who are believers that the Empire will at some time be a commercial and cohesive thing. Mr. Chamberlain and his policy are of course the chief topics, and it would appear that all the colonies are eager for preferential treatment of the Mother Country if the Old Land is willing to reciprocate by making some dif-

ference between her children and outsiders. It is encouraging to me personally to note that the policy which is being pursued in the Congress is largely one which I, in a lonesome way, have advocated many years, and have been trying to have noticed by the authorities which govern this large and unimportant fragment of the Empire. My readers will remember that many years ago I advocated that trade preferences to British goods should only be shown in Canadian ports. This idea has become so widely accepted that its adoption by the princes of trade all over the Empire leaves me without a shred of recognition for having originated the project. Another idea of mine in which I have been alone has been adopted in a circuitous and in a general fashion which I am afraid will be useless. The consular system of the Empire has been under criticism at the Congress, and with peculiar unanimity has been denounced by the delegates. The idea of commercial consuls to be appointed by the colonies seems to have been accepted, though it by no means fills the bill. I have been of the opinion, and still urge it as a necessary reform, that the British consular service should be made intercolonial and that certain consuls should be appointed because of their aptitude to attend to business owing to their knowledge of local conditions. Canada is sick of war and warlike propositions, yet we are only given as a recognition of our educational and numerical strength some five or six junior appointments in the army to indicate that we have any call at all, or any share at all, in the British management of not only the islands, but the Empire at large. It has been my contention for a number of years that Canadian should be appointed to consular positions in the United States and in such localities as are better understood by our people than by Britishers. The idea of an independent consular service is absurd. Results can only be achieved by reorganizing the old service and putting men of known ability as consuls in contiguous nations to the place where our men have received their training. In Canada, for instance, there is a widespread knowledge of Yankee methods of doing business, and Canadians should be the consuls at Yankee ports. The miserable imitations of consuls sent out by Great Britain to these ports are an absolute injury to us, and any duplication of the service at the expense of the colonies, or, in this particular instance in the case of Canada, would be to make a laughing-stock of us for the consular appointees of the Empire would necessarily take chief rank and in many cases would do everything possible to discredit the colonial appointee.

Of course we must remember that the consular service of England is almost as old as civilization itself, and the authorities esteem it necessary to put Englishmen instead of colonial in places of trust. The change of this system will be a great wrench to British officialdom, but it is one that is absolutely necessary. If we are to be an empire we cannot be governed and officered by a few fat-witted officials who are sent out from Great Britain. We must have a hand in the administration of affairs, or we will have to refuse to take any share at all in paying the bills. It must seem strange to a student of our politics that Canada spends more money in sending immigration agents and commercial agents to Great Britain than to foreign countries. As a matter of fact we sit aside and are governed by people who lose sight of our ability to handle our own affairs or to assist in the handling of Imperial affairs. No one contends that the British consular service is of any good to the colonies. Colonial consuls might not only be of inestimable value to the countries from which they come, but be ten times more useful than Old Country men in the handling of Imperial trade.

A CORRESPONDENT writes me as to what Canada is doing with regard to "the Eastern question." As he very fairly points out, we are much concerned in this matter. The whole of our Pacific coast has to do with Eastern business. We have no say in the matter. How should this extraordinary condition be avoided? Is the real body of his enquiry. The United States looking for territorial possessions and influence in the world's affairs in 1867 paid \$5,000,000 for Alaska, a bargain which Russia has no doubt a thousand times regretted. The only answer that can be made is that Canada is entirely impotent in regard to foreign affairs, and must do as her mother tells her. That this system of tutelage is either beneficial or that it will last is a matter of grave doubt. If Russia and Great Britain should come to blows there is no doubt that our Pacific Coast would be the first point of attack. We are entirely helpless in the matter, but if Canada were independent we need have no fear. That we are not independent, but must follow British diplomacy, no matter how much we distrust it or how unjust it is to us, is a part of our tutelage. Altogether we have many responsibilities that are entirely British, we have many advantages which are our own, and when we hear people talking in Great Britain about the impotence of Canada we must sometimes have the sane thought, that Canada as a peaceful agricultural country, if separated from the Empire, might get along much more quietly than it does now. The delegates to the Trades Congress of the Empire might take note of this. Nobody can gobble us, because we are too big to be gobbled. It is unlikely that anybody would interfere with us as an independent nation, while we must be constantly in fear of being interfered with as a portion of a great domain which, thank God, has done much in straightening out the nations of the world. Our fortunes as an independent entity might vary and be subject to many fluctuations, but Canada was created not as the suburbs of a few shopkeepers, but as a nation which should overshadow the politics of the New World.

THE more the politics and finances of the Grand Trunk Pacific are discussed the more it becomes evident that a patient people are waiting for sufficient progress to assert themselves. Personally, I cannot confess myself enamored of the project, but I am thoroughly devoted to the idea that Canada should develop itself and devote the energies which are delegated to Parliament to making itself great. There may or may not be grafters in this scheme of the new continental route-grafters are necessary to progress and when kept decently in hand are the most progressive element of the community. Canada is feeling its feet. Last of all the colonies to obtain recognition, it is first of all in its possibilities. That it has been slow to assert itself is not a wonder to those who know the Canadian people, who are slow in action and word but certain in doing the right thing at the right time. To be slow and unenthusiastic but loyal in season and out of season to the traditions they inherit, is not a bad description of this people. That their loyalty and enthusiasm have never been welded into one solid thing is the fault of our administrators and their tendency to compromise in every possible way. When the time arrives that compromises can no longer be the resort of the politician and the whole country has to be administered as an entity, we will be better off. That time can be hastened by the development of the country; the development of the country can be hastened by the Grand Trunk Pacific; and even if we go in debt a little bit and become more under the control of corporations, it can be scarcely regarded as an evil, for corporations are generally well managed and work for self-interest, which must include the whole community, while sectarianism is worked for the advantage of the few and to the great disadvantage of the many.

MR. BORDEN'S speech in answer to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Bill cannot be considered satisfactory. It is a patchwork of a railroad programme which ought to be complete in itself. He is referring to the old waterways argument of the Mackenzie Opposition, which opposed the C.P.R. scheme of the Conservative Government. The idea of the railroad connecting the Intercolonial with the Canada Atlantic and thence obtaining an entrance to Lake Huron is feasible, and will cost but little money—say \$12,000,000. After that I am afraid he goes wrong, for railroads must be built up as a whole, not as a mere patchwork. His idea is evidently an afterthought, and his programme is ill-matured. Nevertheless, it does not follow that Canada should rush into any other scheme which may be ill-advised and ill-matured. We might wait for a year without any loss of business or any particular inconvenience to the country, and turn over in our minds whether Borden or Laurier is better posted in what is required and as to what at the least cost can be best done for the country.

AN unhappy argument of the "Globe" is presented under the title of "Is There Undue Haste?" The Government may know about these special things which seem to be favorable to railroad building, but the people do not. It may be quite possible for everything to be all right, and it is quite possible for nearly everything to be all wrong. What the people desire is to know exactly what is going on, and to have some facts as to the locality in which the railroads they are paying for will be built. To merely say that there is information is not to convey it. Everyone should be able to take a lead pencil and mark out the line and to know how

much is through rock and how much is through the clay belt. It is easy to tell what one thinks, but it takes years to tell what one knows and have it appreciated by those who have to pay. Really this is the only argument against the Grand Trunk Pacific, and there is no reason why it should not be answered by leaving the question for a year. We have done without it always; surely we can do without it for twelve months.

THIS city, after a most strenuous fight, has obtained from the Dominion Government a recognition of the fact that the Toronto and Hamilton Railway is not a concern of Dominion utility, except where it interferes with such. This is all that Toronto has been fighting for, and it is a scandal of the first magnitude that the city should have had to make a fight for any such limitations of a Dominion charter which ought never to come in conflict with one provincially granted. The fact that a great deal has been championed by the Dominion Parliament without respect to its politics cannot make the people of this province have greater confidence in the men who are elected to the House of Commons.

THE carnival in Hamilton has been a great success. As was made plain on this page some weeks ago, "home-comers" find their chief enjoyment and attractions in rural neighborhoods. That Hamilton has been able to attract them seems to me an evidence that, unlike the Toronto ones, the Hamilton boys go away from home and are glad to come back on a visit. That their visits were not prolonged rather suggests the idea that Hamilton was disappointing to those who came back to see it. I think that this will be about the last year when cities try the experiment of inviting back home-comers, for as a rule city boys have not the inclination to return which those born in rural districts find so compelling. The scheme, I think, is nearly played out, and might very well be dropped by all except rural communities.

Social and Personal.

THE Hamilton Carnival has been great fun, and on Wednesday a quartette of pretty women went up from Toronto to see the floral carriage parade and the gymkhana. Mrs. Bromley Davenport in white mohair trimmed with palest blue; Mrs. George Carruthers in smart smart white costume; Miss Frances Coen in dark blue, and Miss Lillian Lee in a very dapper costume of shepherd's plaid, were the beauties. The gymkhana was too funny for words, and shrieks of mirth greeted the shirt and sunbonnet ride of the gallant officers who took part. The umbrella ride, when the competitors had to carry an umbrella, uncork and drink a bottle of ginger ale, light a cigar, and come in with it still going, was quite an amusing one also. Lovely Mrs. Adam Beck, in a dream of a floral cart, was the admired of all admirers. The dream party came in force in their drag. Hamilton has set a pace for a jolly carnival which will take some following and no beating. Among the men who went up on Wednesday were Colonel Stimson, Captain Elmsley, Captain Van Straubenzee, Captain Harbottle, and Mr. Murray Hendrie. To say the party enjoyed the jaunt is the mildest way of putting the fun of it.

There was a pleasant Monday hop at the Yacht Club Island house on Monday evening. I hear there has not been as large an attendance this summer as usual. The West End Islanders' dance on Tuesdays, the small folks' dance on Wednesdays, and the Aquatic Association dance on Fridays, leave only Thursday and Saturday nights free this year.

Miss Mackenzie of Brighton, England, Mr. Ansley Burrows of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith and Miss Smith of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Foley of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. James Cummins, Thomas McK. Cummins of Wheeling, W. Va., Mrs. L. Baker, Miss Baker, Mr. Harrington Baker of Washington, D.C.; Mrs. Corkran and maid, Mr. B. W. Corkran, Mr. Lloyd Corkran, Master D. C. Corkran, Mr. and Mrs. Canthey, Mr. John B. Canthey, Masters H. and R. Canthey, Miss Virginia Woodward Cloud, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Cameron, Miss Cameron, Mr. Evan Cameron, all of Baltimore, Md., and Mr. Frank D. Dickson of Philadelphia, are registered at the Minnicoganshene, beside a very large and smart party of Toronto people, who are all loud in praise of their favorite summer resort.

Mrs. Patterson of Embro was in town for a few days recently, stopping at the King Edward. Some time ago she injured her knee by a fall, and has since suffered a great deal from it, and is still quite a sufferer. It is a curious coincidence that two charming Mesdames Patterson should be laid up with a similar mishap at one time. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson have left their home, and Mr. Hanna has taken up his residence there as tenant. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson are visiting the Crown Attorney and Mrs. Dewar before leaving for New York.

A Niagara-on-the-Lake correspondent writes: "The members of the Niagara Golf Club played two handicap games on their Fort George links on Saturday last for the handsome prizes presented to the club by Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun of Toronto. The first prize, a cut glass perfume bottle, was won by Miss Macfie of London; the second prize, a flitger perfume bottle, by Mrs. Hunter of Niagara; the third, a golf score book, by Miss Lillian Anderson of Niagara. The first prize, for the men, a flask, was won by Mr. James Martin of Pittsburgh; the second, a silver match case, by Mr. J. H. Burns of Niagara."

Miss Osler's marriage to Mr. Wilnot Matthews next Tuesday is the only "event" in which society is interested. The opening of the Dominion Exposition will be the great civic and suburban interest of the week, and the visit of Lord Strathcona will give a raison d'être for several smart entertainments. Sheela's Theatre will also open this evening with a sprightly bill of vaudeville. The Grand led the opening list this week on Thursday night with the Haverly Minstrels.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ireland of 71 Bloor street east and their daughter have left town for change of air and scene, and will not return until the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra and Miss Cawthra of Yeaton Hall and Major and Mrs. Brock sail for England on the "Oceanic." The trip is taken that Mrs. Brock may benefit by a course of treatment at a famous sanitarium which closes on the first of October. Former treatment of the same sort did her a great deal of good, and all her friends hope she may be quite restored by this second venture. Mrs. Young of Hamilton, Mrs. Cawthra's sister, was down to bid the party "bon voyage" this week.

The visit of the band of the Coldstream Guards will have special interest for Rideau Hall people, as two at least of His Excellency's household are officers in that crack regiment. Captain Harry Graham's nom de plume of "Col. D. Streamer," which it has puzzled so many to account for, is merely a touch of association which is quite comprehensible.

The Hon. Clifford Sifton leaves for England next week, in connection with the business of the Alaskan Boundary Commission, and will be about eight weeks away.

Some of Mr. and Mrs. Morrow's friends were describing to me their present residence in England, which is even more charming than Charlcoot, though not, I fancy, of equal historic interest. It is not far from Charlcoot, which latter place is, I hear, again to be let by its owner, Mrs. Lucy.

Among Torontonians abroad is Miss Justina Harrison, who has been greatly enjoying her sojourn in and about Edinburgh. I hear that some of her fiancé, Mr. Calderwood's, relatives live thereabouts, which would be of interest.

For some international jollification the Stars and Stripes were floated prominently at the Island this week, and after the doings, were left afloat. A patriotic young dame, needless to say a U. E. Loyalist, sealed a roof, and certain wicked scoffers add, essayed to shin up the flag-pole to lower the flag. She did not succeed, however, for we are not built that way, but I heard great joking over her loyal effort, which she, however, received with the greatest good temper possible.

"It was a dark and dismal evening," as the funny man says at Sheela's, but he persuaded her to go for a row. The wind arose, in due course, and preparations for a storm began aloft. While gamely struggling against the elements in an endeavor to row to shore, he had the misfortune to catch a crab and break an oar (he's a heavyweight). It was impossible to make headway, and her fear and misgivings led her to say a few hasty words. By means of howls and screams the pair attracted notice and were rescued and rescued by a

pair of fishermen, but the engagement heretofore existing is "off." The lady in her terror alluded to the color of the gentleman's hair in terms of contempt, and it's just the one thing he is sensitive about. Don't ask me who they are; just keep your weather eye open.

The marriage of Miss Emma Kormann of 10 Bloor street east, daughter of the late Ignatius Kormann and Mr. Robert Emmet Cox of Montreal, will take place at St. Basil's Church on Thursday, September 3rd, at 9.30 a.m.

A very pretty and successful garden party and band concert was given on the grounds of Mr. A. McLean Howard, jr., in Balsam avenue, East Toronto, on Wednesday, by the Guild of St. John's Church, Norway, and the Q.O.R. band, from half-past seven to half-past ten.

Miss Alleyne Jones has been accepted after probation at St. Luke's Hospital New York, and is pursuing her course of study with great interest and success.

Miss Ethel Palin, who has been one of Mr. and Mrs. Dick's camping party on the Georgian Bay, returned home on Tuesday. Miss Winnifred Palin has gone to Collingwood to spend part of her vacation. The latter young lady is one of the most successful graduate nurses of St. Luke's Hospital. Miss Ethel Palin, who has had a fine success in animal painting in New York, is, I hear, arranging some other specimens of her skill into a sale exhibition, of which we shall hear more later on.

Mr. George Bruenech has returned to Norway after six months' sojourn in South America and southern seas. He has painted some interesting glimpses of the countries he has visited, and has had great appreciation from patrons there.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick will not break their camp until September.

Major and Mrs. Leigh and many others enjoyed a sojourn in the Thousand Islands for the canoe meet, which is such a pleasant fixture of August each summer.

Mrs. Magann returned last week from a pleasant short stay at Minnicoganshene. It is possible that she may take over her young sons to school next month at Edgemoor, if business prevents Mr. Magann from leaving Canada.

A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday at St. Margaret's Church, Spadina avenue, when Miss Della Kate Love, daughter of Mr. Charles J. Love, and Rev. George A. Field, M.A., incumbent of Caledon East, were married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Prof. Clark, M.A., D.C.L., of Trinity University. Mr. James Perrin, organist of St. Mark's Church, presided at the organ. The bride, who was unattended, was prettily gowned in white silk, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Mr. W. F. Tisdall and Mr. H. R. A. Mavor acted as ushers. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Crawford street, after which Mr. and Mrs. Field left for a prolonged trip to eastern cities, followed by the good wishes of their many friends. Besides those from Toronto, guests were present from Smith's Falls, Brantford, Woodstock, Sault Ste. Marie, and St. Thomas.

I am told that a complimentary dinner to Mr. Austin of "Spadina," the energetic and resourceful president of the Lambton Golf Club, is to be a bright event in September or October. An honorary membership has been proposed as a token of the club's appreciation of Mr. James Robertson's judgment and enterprise in the "discovery" of the perfect links of which the golf club members are so proud. It was during his prospecting that he came across a bit of country at once so picturesque and in every way suitable for the "glorious game," and his decision was confirmed with great enthusiasm by the intending club men, who are so comfortable in their grand house out Humber way.

Recently registered guests at the Welland, St. Catharines, are Mrs. MacNeille, Miss M. H. Skinner, Mrs. Alexander Millard, Miss G. Millard, Toronto; the Misses Evans, Miss M. J. Wilkeson, Mr. and Mrs. John McDonnell, Dr. Kinsler, Miss Kinsler, Buffalo; Miss E. M. Hume, W. Hume, Port Hope; Mrs. and Miss Mitchell, Brooklyn; Mrs. H. S. Tompkins, La Salle, N.Y.; Mrs. Charles J. Healy, New York; Mrs. B. F. Paddock, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Converse, Pittsburgh.

Everything regarding the Canadian international points to the most successful tournament ever held at Niagara-on-the-Lake. With the presence of the Englishmen, Messrs. Doherty brothers, and Mahony, and the large entry that is assured both in the men's and ladies' events, there certainly ought to be a week of splendid tennis. The all-Canadian event should be appreciated by all players in this country, the fee also being put at a nominal figure so that no one can have any objection or excuse in not entering this event. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto have been invited to be present during the week. His Excellency has shown great interest in bringing the English players to Canada. It is hoped tennis enthusiasts generally will take advantage of the chance to see the Doherty brothers at play, as it is not at all likely they will be in America again for some years, as they now hold the international trophy, which necessitates the United States team playing in England until they win it back. It is expected a special fare for those wishing to see the tennis will be made on the steamers from Toronto. Entries close Tuesday, August 25th. For any information address E. S. Gassco, honorary secretary, Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. McTavish of Prairie avenue, Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. A. S. Irving, 91 George street. Miss Edith Macpherson of Chicago, granddaughter of the late Captain Macpherson and daughter of Mr. Graham Macpherson, who has been spending some weeks with Mrs. Irving, returned home to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Irving have been at Preston Springs this summer for Mr. Irving's benefit since his illness.

Lady Wilson is visiting Mrs. R. L. Denison, Lake Front, Balmy Beach. Miss Amy Laing is visiting Mrs. W. Mulock at Silver Beeches, Balmy Beach. The fun at Balmy Beach this week began with a performance last evening, and continues with matinee and evening performances to-day. One of the attractions is a charming Japanese tea garden.

A decidedly chic wedding took place in Carlton Street Methodist Church on Wednesday evening August 19th, when Miss Mabel Emma Irwin, eldest daughter of Mr. G. W. Irwin and Mrs. Irwin, was married to Mr. Arthur Campbell Symmes of Chicago, son of Mr. John Symmes of Ottawa. Rev. J. V. Smith, D.D., officiated, and Dr. T. Alexander Davies presided at the organ during the ceremony. Owing to the absence of her father, the bride entered the church on the arm of her cousin, Mr. H. E. Irwin, K.C., preceded by her maid of honor and bridesmaids. As the bridal party reached the altar Mr. G. Chrystal Brown sang most effectively, "Grow Old Along With Me." The bride wore a trained gown of cream hand-embroidered silk touched with silver sequins. A long tulle veil, caught with sprays of orange blossoms, was becomingly arranged upon her dark hair and fell in graceful folds. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses and lily of the valley. The rainbow effect was artistically carried out in the dainty colors of the gowns worn by the bridesmaids. Miss Margaret Irwin, sister of the bride, was attired in a beautiful gown of pink mousseline de soie with a cream Japanese hat faced with tiny wild roses. She carried a sheaf of crimson roses. Miss Lorraine Irwin, cousin of the bride, wore an exquisite creation of pale green acordon pleated silk veiled in white, with a Parisian hat of white chiffon wreathed with pink rosebuds, long streamers of chiffon falling to the bottom of her gown. Her flowers were pink sweet peas. Miss Aileen Wilson, the pretty little daughter of Dr. L. A. Willson of Aurora, was flower girl. She wore the daintiest of white French frocks over an underdress of pale mauve with a wreath of white and mauve sweet peas on her golden curls. She carried a basket of the same flowers. Master Fred Irwin, as page, wore Highland costume with scarf of his family plaid. He presented the ring on a hand-painted white satin cushion. The groomsmen were Mr. Ben Ramaden, and the ushers were Mr. G. Chrystal Brown, Mr. T. Harold Mason and Mr. Herbert Willson, B.A. The bride, her maid, bridesmaids and page were the recipients of handsome gifts from the bridegroom as souvenirs of the happy occasion. The wedding gifts were numerous and very handsome, including several substantial cheques. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 51 Bellevue avenue, which was prettily decorated for the occasion. After receiving the congratulations of their many friends, Mr. and Mrs. Symmes left for their home in Chicago.

Mrs. R. Bongard and her family are home from Lake Mus-



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koka. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bourlier are spending some time at the Goulding Island, Muskoka.

Mr. and Miss Chasie Langmuir are at Minnicog. Mr. Gwynn Francis went up on Friday for a short visit. Mrs. Francis is there for some time.

The little new member of the Speaker of the House of Commons's family has the honor of having Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier as sponsors. The baptism took place the other day.

Mr. Totten has been able to go to his office recently. Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson are occupying Mrs. Totten's Island house this season, and Mrs. Fritz Fox is regaining her strength after her late illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Cawthra have returned from a holiday spent at Minnicog, Georgian Bay.

A hint of a very charming engagement likely soon to be announced was conveyed to me by an astute man person the other day.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Niagara and Mrs. Houston are spending some time at the Minnicoganshene, Georgian Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. James are registered at the Minnicoganshene.

The Premier returned from a week's visit in Strathroy on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Alec Creelman and Miss Wylie paid a flying visit to town on Wednesday, en route from Muskoka to Hamilton.

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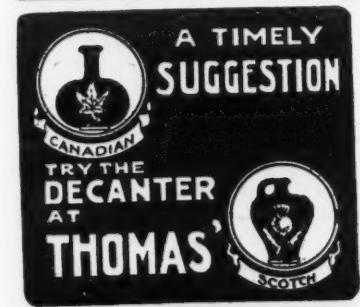
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Social and Personal.

Mr. Alec Creelman, who has been, with his fiancée, Miss Wylie, the guest of Mrs. Samuel Barker of Hamilton at Oak Island, Muskoka, spent a short while in town on Thursday with his brother, Mr. George Creelman, of Prince Arthur avenue.

The engagement of Miss Clara Cornish, daughter of Mrs. Cornish of Winchester street, and Mr. George R. Pooley, is announced. Their marriage will take place early in October.

Dr. and Mrs. Rowe of Parkdale are spending a few days in Muskoka.

Miss Beardmore of Chudleigh is spending the summer on her farm at Port Credit. Mrs. Agar Adamson and her little son are, I understand, with her this month. Mr. Adamson was in town recently, and left last week.

Commodore Aemilius Jarvis and his young sons went over to Rochester on the "Merrythought" this week. There was great rejoicing at the aforesaid city on the conclusion of the yacht races, and some fifty thousand people gathered at Charlotte to welcome the "Ironclad," but the yacht had "hurried all it wanted" in Toronto, and was so late in getting across that the throng of enthusiasts had to return home disappointed of greeting her.

Dr. and Mrs. Torrington, who have been enjoying their usual summer vacation at Peake's Island, Maine, have returned to town.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, 40 College street, are at Grimsby Park until next month, when Dr. Palmer will resume his practice in Toronto. He has had a truly trying illness and a long convalescence, but his friends are glad to know he is now quite restored.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shaw, Mrs. F. Richardson and Master Otway Stewart are spending some weeks at Port Sydney, Muskoka.

A Muskoka correspondent gives the following account of the dance on the 7th at Grunwald, the large summer hotel on Mary Lake:—The large ball-room, parlor, reception hall, with its colonial fireplace, were beautifully decorated by the ladies staying at the hotel with ferns, flowers and branches. An orchestra from Huntsville played excellent dance music, and at twelve o'clock a delicious supper was served. Mr. Gall and his charming wife were kind and attentive hosts, and made everyone feel welcome. There are about one hundred guests staying at the hotel, mostly Toronto people and "Americans": Mrs. J. A. W. Ross, the Misses Ross, Mr. J. W. Ross, Mr. D. Ross, Miss Rice, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara, Mrs. and Miss Jansen, Miss Robinson, Mrs. and Miss Roether, Miss W. Adams, Mrs. F. J. Capon, Miss Fleury, W. J. Wasuset, Mrs. S. R. Panton, L. McArthur, Mrs. A. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil, the Misses Carlyle, Mrs. and Miss McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. Blair, Miss Grace McCrae, Mr. W. A. Sadler, Mr. Arthur Wilson, Miss Boyd, Miss Baird, Miss Midie, Miss O. Midie, Mr. and Miss Jenkins, Miss Bowling, Mr. J. S. La Trobe, Miss Hickson, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Shaw, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwan, Miss Thomas, Miss F. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Kneal, Mr. R. R. Small, Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Rhodes, Mr. Frank Hannaford, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Whittlesey, of Cleveland; Mr. P. L. Apgar, Mr. C. E. Cunningham, Miss Stillson, Miss Wilson, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Steel, Mr. F. R. Steel, Mr. G. G. Steel, of Detroit; Miss Robertson, Miss Dick, of Brampton; Mr. and Mrs. Swan, Miss L. Swan, Mr. J. W. Swan, Mr. J. E. La Trobe, of Montreal; Mrs. H. M. Miller, Miss Mayer, Miss C. Mayer, Mr. C. M. Lamb, of Buffalo; Miss May Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, of Chicago; Mrs. and Miss Thompson of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Poole of Niagara Falls, Mr. F. H. Pratt of Hamilton, Mr. H. W. Fleury, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Whinister, of Aurora; Miss Rider, Miss L. Orrie, of London; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnson, Mrs. Leckie, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. White, Miss Mickson, Miss J. Dick, Mrs. F. Dallas, Mr. Trimmer, Miss Turnbull, Mr. S. Cameron, Mrs. and Miss Tait, Mrs. Monborough, Mr. and Mrs. Dupuron, Mrs. C. O. Shaw, Mrs. Pooler, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Mr. A. Sydney Smith, Mr. Horace Johnson, Mr. E. Matters, Miss E. C. Maybee, Mrs. Warnick, of Huntsville.

A very delightful picnic was given by Mr. and Mrs. Madden of Kincardine on Wednesday of last week at Point Clark, which is about twelve miles down the lake. The drive along the shore of the lake was particularly enjoyable, and, on arrival, the day was pleasantly spent in boating, strolling among the many picturesque scenes in the neighborhood and other pastimes, and when the dusk drew on, bringing the time for return, it was unanimously agreed that the time had been all too short. A particularly novel feature of the outing was the ascent of the lighthouse, at the top of which names were duly engraved. Among those who were present were the following:—Mr. and Mrs. Madden, Miss Louise Sturgeon, the Misses Swan, Miss Maude Madden (Connecticut), Miss Fisher (Detroit), Miss Harrison (New Haven), Mr. Matthew Madden (Minneapolis), Miss Collins, Miss Pomeroy, Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Kinker, Miss Kinker, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. Sellery (Chicago), Miss Sellery (Toronto), Mr. Peard Collins (Toronto), Miss Ella Madden, Miss Pearl Madden, Dr. Parker (Guelph), Miss Georgie Madden (Collingwood), and Mr. and Mrs. Billocks.

The guests at Port Cunningham, the popular summer resort on the Lake of Huron, held a very enjoyable and successful regatta on the 12th inst. Among those who have spent some of the summer weeks at Port Cunningham are:—Dr. Howitt, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Howitt, Mrs. P. W. Ellis and family, Professor and Mrs. Murison and family, Miss Murison, Mr. and Mrs. Nasmith, Mr. S. Nasmith, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Denovan and family, Mrs. Jackson, the Misses Jackson, Miss Semple, Miss Reid, the Misses Stalker, Miss Russell, Mr. Scarth and Mr. J. W. McBean, of Toronto; Mrs. McBean, Miss McBean, Mr. A. F. McBean, Mrs. Randall and daughter, the Misses Lawson and Miss Slocumbe, of Hamilton; Miss McIntyre of Stratford, the

Misses Carey, Miss Lee, Mr. Webb, Mr. White, Mr. James Walmsley and Mr. P. B. Walmsley, of England.

"Nobody in town and nothing going on," may sound rather doleful, but there are several congenial spirits and bright people still in town, and the "little tea" flourished like a green bay tree in their midst. The "little tea" must be absolutely of intimates only, and abounds in a species of merry and amusing chaff and naive confidences about the various episodes, distractions and annoyances of domestic and social life. It's at the little tea that one doesn't mind recounting the particulars of the occasion on which one nearly spelled c-a-u-g-h-t! It's at the little tea that one exchanges reminiscences of school days, flirtation days, travelling days and housekeeping days, as one enjoys an almost individual cup of "the finest," and some dainty, crisp and fresh or even hot from the oven. It's at the little tea that one wanders into the trim garden, kept as homesteaders keep it in Toronto, and lingers on the verandah, though the sun is sinking and all good women should be at home in time for the evening meal. Most of the women who go to the midsummer little tea have utter freedom from hours and cares. They are widows, who have cosy homes, and whose "girl" is having an evening off at the island or the park, or maiden ladies who will set back their dinner until supper without any qualms of conscience or interior. When the rush of the winter season is upon us, and we tear about the city like the canines in the Psalm of David, with a grin and a snap at the various viands, weariness and desperation in our hearts and artificial politeness in our voices, we may perchance at the fourth or fifth "crush" of a busy afternoon cast longing eyes back to the same, comfortable enjoyments of the "little tea" of the days when "everyone was away and nothing was going on."

The cablegram announcing the marriage on Saturday last of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Reginald Temple, was more of less of a surprise to any but his relatives and most intimate friends, who have for some time been sending him best wishes on hearing of his engagement. Mr. Temple, after his return from the Boer war, turned enquiring eyes to the new British colony, and finally set out for South Africa again. Dan Cupid has rewarded his enterprise, and so have the gods of luck, for he has beside a bride, gained a very good Government position, and has practically the ball at

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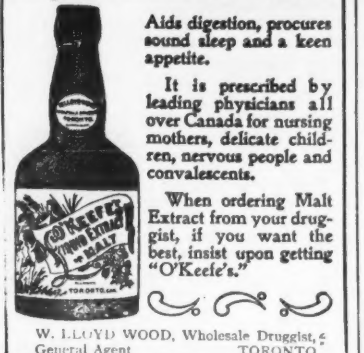
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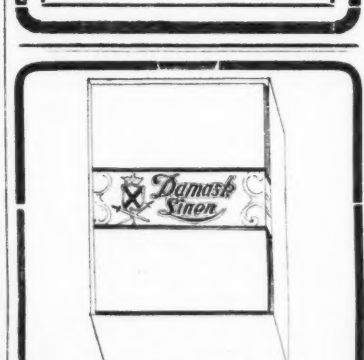
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his feet. Mr. Temple's success justifies the opinion of his Toronto friends and elicits their warmest congratulations. His bride was Miss Beatrice Wood, daughter of the manager of the Klerk-dorp Diamond and Gold Mining Company.

A well-known Torontonian, Mr. Fred Worts, has joined the great majority at the early age of forty-six. His death occurred on Tuesday, and his funeral took place on Wednesday from his late residence, 147 Sherbourne street. Mr. Worts is said to have left something over a quarter of a million. His wife, nee Beatty, predeceased him some three years.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Carrington Smith and their little one are at Tadoussac.

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are one of the sights of Toronto and make our windows the most attractive and frequented spots on Yonge Street. Do not fail visiting our store, as we court your inspection and will give courteous attention to all enquiries regarding our famous Art Hair Goods.

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In its artistic hair designs, hair treatment, hair dressing styles, and in its advertising styles, "Imitation" being the sincerest flattery. We have public reason to feel abundantly satisfied at our success in endeavoring to interest and thoroughly please and satisfy our patrons.

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For ladies, gentlemen and children. Corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, and all foot troubles successfully treated. Telephone 677 appointment. Main 1888
166 KING ST. WEST (Opposite Princess Theater).

His Excellency's Aigrette.

BY A. J. DAWSON.

I BELIEVE I am perfectly safe in surmising that the most interesting and exciting days of my friend Sheikh Abd el Majeed's stay in England with me fell out during the presence in London of the Moorish Mission to the Court of St. James's. The members of the Mission were housed by the authorities in a substantial mansion in the neighborhood of Prince's Gate, and as I was staying at the time in my father's town house in Sloane street with Abd el Majeed, of course the distance between the Sheikh and his compatriots was trifling. Further, when I tell you that the head of the Mission, Sidi Abd er Rahman Kintafi, was the uncle of the third wife of my Sheikh's father, it will be easily imagined that El Majeed had some grounds for the frequency of his visits to the mansion at Prince's Gate, and was in no danger of wearing his welcome thin there.

Myself, as it were vicariously, and by the light reflected from my Moorish friend, became something of a persona grata with the members of the Mission, and, as no other members of my family were then in town, I found it easy, upon more than one occasion, to recompense the hospitality with which the Mission welcomed me at Prince's Gate, by entertaining old Sidi Abd er Rahman and his followers in Sloane street. Knowing something of Moorish affairs and customs, I was enabled to make them very comfortable there, and I am not sure whether any of the more or less splendid functions in which our Government paid honor to his Majesty of Morocco, through his ambassador, were sources of more real enjoyment to Abd er Rahman and his party than were the little informal reunions in my father's Sloane street residence.

Be that as it may, I am quite sure that the authorities of our Foreign Office had found much food for reflection (could they have overheard them) in some of the conversations which took place there between the members of the Mission and myself. The Moors accepted me as an unofficial friend, rejoiced in my green tea, specially prepared for their delectation, devoured bushels of couscouscous prepared for them in our kitchens under the supervision of the Sheikh, were generous in their admiration of the two ladies from the "Halls" who were good enough upon one occasion to demonstrate before us some of the intricacies of the art of skirt-dancing, and altogether relaxed themselves agreeably from the formality of ambassadorial life in the capital of the British Empire.

Their comments upon affairs of state were highly interesting to me, and their remarks regarding the conduct of great officials in our land and in theirs would have been startling, I fancy, to the grand Bashes who rule in Downing street. For example, I remember the venerable Sidi Abd er Rahman Kintafi having some little discussion with me regarding the social status in London of the ladies of the ballet, who, despite their occasional loud talk of sending warships to enforce claims and the like, such talk need not be seriously considered by us, who are of the Faithful, I think.

I requested further enlightenment as to these somewhat remarkable conclusions of the ambassadors.

"Well, thou seest," he explained, "in our country the women of our dalliance, the slaves of our women's quarters, are not thought of seriously by persons of rank. They are not at all as wives, you understand. Now, when I came across the water to your country here, being a man of note in my own country and standing high in the favor of my master—may Allah prolong his days—I naturally brought some three or four women with me. . . . slaves, thou knowest; it is not fitting that a Believer should subject his wives to the hazards of travel among infidels. Now, when those my female slaves did alight from the great ship, your Lord Chamberlain and the high representatives of your Sovereign who came to greet us did respectfully turn their backs until such time as these my slave women were effectually hidden in the train, and in dismounting from the train here in London, it was the same, and carefully closed and shuttered carriages were provided for them, your greatest officials humbly bowing and turning aside from their path, much to the secret merriment of these my slaves, who each and all knew what it was to chaffer openly in Marrakish marketplace with lowly sellers of vegetables, and that with scarcely a cloth over their lips—if I may be pardoned for naming matters so private." (In this connection, I must quote a remark his Excellency made to me a few days later. "Why, sir," said he, with swelling chest, "do you know that your Sovereign Lord and Lady received me at the Palace with my shoes on and my djellaboud raised, a guise, b'Allah, in which no letter-writing scribe, anxious for a fee, would allow me to enter his house in Morocco. These things speak louder than words." It is true they do, to an Oriental. My blood boiled as I listened, for I know the Oriental feeling in such matters, as who does not who has lived in Eastern lands? Also, I knew that finely elaborated details of all this would reach every city gate and coffee-scented place of gossip in Sunset Land. And it was so.)

"Thus then I am assured that my master and his messengers are greatly feared and revered here among the infidels, who bow down with so much humility even before the lowliest slaves among us."

My British pride was made somewhat sore by this recital, but in most of the stories and comments I listened to in the mansion at Prince's Gate and in my father's Sloane street house, I was moved far more to merriment and interest than to anything approaching annoyance; and I saw more clearly

than ever before that the art of diplomacy lay not merely in veiling the truth, but in setting up an untruth in place thereof; and further, that the greatest diplomatists appeared to be those who deceived themselves far more than they deceived others, and that the ostrich, who looks to hide himself by burying his own eyes in the sand, must be the greatest of all diplomatists that live.

During one of my first visits with Sheikh Abd el Majeed to the mansion near Prince's Gate I made the acquaintance of a young gentleman fresh from the University of Oxford, whose name was Jones, and whose nature seemed equally stereotyped, conventional, and innocently respectable. What he was doing in that gallery I was never quite able to understand; but I gathered that he was a sort of third cousin to one of the gentlemen attached to our Embassy in Morocco, and that he cherished mild hopes of one day entering the diplomatic service himself, a career which I ventured to think that his pre-occupation with the purely impractical affairs of life fitted him to admiration. I never met a young gentleman who so exactly resembled a character in some agreeable and fantastic comedy or story, rather than a flesh and blood personage in this busy, striving, work-a-day world of ours. His innocence regarding the Oriental character was most marked, and his interest in the affairs of the Mission was like his complexion, singularly fresh, unstained, and pleasing. And that is really all I know about Mr. Jones, beyond the fact that he hired a Court dress for four guineas from a Jew in Covent Garden, in order that he might appear at Court in the train of Sidi Abd er Rahman Kintafi, and that in the course of conversation he generally made pleasant and innocent remarks which bore in some way either upon cricket, photography, or the "Varsity."

The morning of the Mission's first reception at the Court of St. James's was a truly great occasion for my friend Sheikh Abd el Majeed. As a relative of Sidi Abd er Rahman's he accompanied the Mission, whilst I settled myself with a cigar and a novel in the Prince's Gate mansion, to await the return of my Moorish friends, and hear their account of their brave doings. Mr. Jones was among the European attendants upon the Mission, resplendent in his Covent Garden costume, though a little nervous I fancied with regard to the proper disposition of his nickel-plated sword. He assuring him that he looked "ripping," I chose the adjective with forethought, and I think it served its turn.

Scarcely had the Mission departed in the three coaches from the Royal stables, which had come to convey them, than one of the footmen attached to the mansion presented me with the card of a gentleman who described himself as a "Photographic Artist," in handsome Old English lettering, and said that he had come by appointment with the head of the Mission to take portraits of the Moorish ambassador and his suite on their return from audience at the Palace. I requested the footman to show this Mr. Gerald Montgomery into the morning room, where I then sat over my novel, and prepared to entertain him pending the return of the Mission.

Mr. Montgomery proved to be a gentleman whose artistic temperament displayed itself conspicuously in the fashion of his necktie, a truly aesthetic piece of drapery, in the arrangement of his glossy and plenteous locks, and in the almost effusive graciousness of his general demeanor. He carried a camera and other photographic impedimenta with him, and was attired most elegantly in cloth which I am assured must have been obtained from the most expensive quarter of Bond street. In conversation I found him what my grandmother would have called an agreeable rattle; and, putting aside what seemed to me an excessive devotion to the use of strong perfumes, and a rather nervous alertness in manner, both of which peculiarities I connected in some way with his artistic temperament, I am bound to say that I found Mr. Montgomery as pleasant a person to pass the time of day with as you would meet in a day's march.

It was upon the return of the Mission from their presentation at Court that Mr. Montgomery's habits of nervousness and the manipulation of a strongly-scented handkerchief became most strongly marked. But, to be sure, they were not the sort of peculiarities at which a man takes umbrage, and for my part I was moved to friendly sympathy with the Photographic Artist in his trepidation among the exalted foreigners, the more so when I overheard old Sidi Abd er Rahman growling in his beard, after I had introduced Mr. Montgomery, something to the effect that—

"The Kaffir, son of a burnt Kaffir, has no right here among the Faithful. He plagued me with his letters, but I did not truly say that he might come here."

Out of sheer good-nature, I assured the old Moor that upon this occasion, when himself and his suite presented so imposing an appearance, it would be a thousand pities not to have some permanent record of their magnificence. As a fact, I think my appeal to his vanity won over Abd er Rahman and gained the day for the Photographic Artist. The ambassador had a fancy for a picture of himself robed more splendidly than he would ever be in his own land, where the Koranic injunctions regarding display of finery and the like are very strictly followed by all classes. About his neck was a fine rope of pearls, and in one side of his ample turban was stuck a magnificent aigrette of diamonds and emeralds, lent him for this one occasion by his Royal master, to whom it had been presented by a great Indian rajah who once made pilgrimage to the shrine of Moulay Idrees, in Fez.

Mr. Montgomery floridly bowed his most graceful acknowledgments of my efforts to further his cause, and it was arranged that he should first take a picture of Sidi Abd er Rahman, the ambassador, alone, and then one of the

whole Mission. So now all our energies were bent upon the task of arranging a becoming pose for his Excellency, to which end a sort of throne was prepared from a number of cushions, a high arm chair, and a dais for the same to stand upon.

I suppose the now beaming and most gracious Mr. Montgomery must have stepped back and forth between his velvet-covered camera and the throne of Abd er Rahman some score of times in all before he was quite satisfied regarding the pose of his Excellency's venerable person, and particularly of his massive and turbaned head.

"You will pardon the liberty," said he, with smiling deference, as he slightly moved the becorned head with both his delicate hands; and, myself having interpreted the remark, his Excellency was pleased to signify his compliance. "There! That is perfect. Exactly so, for one moment, please!"

The Photographic Artist almost rushed back to the great velvet cover of his machine, and hiding himself therein, emerged after a few seconds, smiling rapturously and announcing that the operation had been eminently satisfactory.

"And now for the group," said the rosy-cheeked Mr. Jones, who seemed to have grown quite at home in his knee-breeches and silk stockings by this time, and carried his tinkling sword with a long familiarity with the air of Courts.

So we set about arranging ourselves in more or less picturesque attitudes at one end of the apartment, until brought to order by the Photographic Artist, who seemed inclined to hurry over this portion of the programme, I thought, and who said now that we should do very well as we were.

"It was only the portrait of Abd er Rahman that he was anxious to secure, told myself. And that done, he wants to get away!"

And indeed it was rather remarkable, the rapidity with which Mr. Montgomery completed his arrangements in the matter of this second operation.

"That must be a deuced funny sort of a camera; I should very much like to have a look at it," murmured Mr. Jones, over my left shoulder. "How in the world he can focus the whole lot of us at that distance, spread out like this, I can't imagine. It must be some of Stuphelet's new cameras, fancy! I must see the photographer about it before he goes. Phew! Why, by Jove, he's finished, and he never took the cap off. That's devilish odd, you know, I must see—"

And at that moment a great shout arose from Ibn Marzuk, his Excellency's slipper-bearer.

"My lord's crown; the eyes of light with the flowers of emerald—where are they?"

Every eye was turned upon the snowy turban of his Excellency. The magnificent aigrette no longer blazed over his right temple; the Sultan's jewels, worth a king's ransom, men said, had vanished utterly.

"To the doors!" screamed old Abd er Rahman, who no doubt had seen something of theft and thievery during his thirty years at the Court of Morocco. And to be sure it would be no joke for him, this particular loss. His Shareefian Majesty has a short way with defaulting Ministers, and failing the return of his aigrette, the chance was that Sidi Abd er Rahman would enjoy small favor, but only a very painful and drawn out kind of death on his return to Sunset Land.

I, for one, was prepared to swear that the aigrette had been in its place when his Excellency returned from the presentation at Court. Its wonderful sheen and brilliance had attracted my attention whilst the ambassador was being posed for his portrait.

There was a whispered consultation among the Moors, from which I caught a growl from the ambassador with reference to "El Azfel," that is, the bastinado, for the "N'zrari," or the Christians. Then it was announced by his Excellency's secretary that everyone present was to be searched, with the exception, of course, of the great man himself. I could think of nothing pertinent to urge against this step, though I could see that it moved my young friend Mr. Jones to very marked disgust and wrath. As for the Photographic Artist, the only other "Nazarene" present, he was most obliging in the matter, and having expressed deep regret regarding this singular incident, moved his camera aside, and stood beside Mr. Jones and myself, with his hands raised above his head, like a man "bailed up" by brigands, the better, I suppose, to facilitate a thorough search of his person. Certainly, I could see that this action of his commended him favorably to Sidi Abd er Rahman, though it did not appear to please Mr. Jones.

"Bai Jove!" muttered that young gentleman. "Does he think we are a lot of bally pickpockets, or convicts, or what?"

To cut the story short, let me say that we were all very thoroughly searched, Moors and Christians alike, and never a sign of the Sultan's splendid aigrette was discovered. Anger and consternation strove for mastery in the almost livid face of the old ambassador. I gathered that he was in favor of an immediate administration of the bastinado, in the case of the Christians present, at all events, with a view to encouraging a confession. Then my friend the Sheikh stepped forward.

"Sidi," said he to the ambassador, "this talk of the stick is worse than foolish, where such gentlemen as my friend, for example, are concerned!" He waved one hand in my direction and I acknowledged the tribute with a bow. I have seen the bastinado administered in Sunset Land, and had no wish to prove my honesty by tasting of it myself. "Further, Sidi, I, Abd el Majeed, would myself cut down the first man, though he were our Lord the Sultan, who should lay hands on my friend, whose bread we have all eaten. But—I would have a word with thee, privately, Sidi."

The Sheikh drew the ambassador aside, and together they muttered for some moments, Abd er Rahman nodding his turbaned old head vigorously, as in emphatic agreement with my Sheikh's suggestions. Then the Sheikh moved forward to where a massive silver ink-pot stood upon a writing-table, and raising the lid of the ink-pot, paused to look about him around the room. At length his eyes fell upon Mr. Jones, who was somewhat sulkily playing with his sword, and swearing

under his breath, by Jove! his favorite, apparently, among the gods.

With great politeness the Sheikh requested Mr. Jones to approach him, and to hold out his right hand. This the young gentleman from the University accordingly did, and into the center of his pink right palm the Sheikh proceeded to splash a great round blot of ink, which he scooped out of the ink-pot with a sort of ivory egg-spoon (a nail-cleaner, as I was afterwards informed), handed him for the purpose by one of the attendants.

His ink-blotted pink palm extended before him, Mr. Jones followed the Sheikh to the large bay window, and there halted. The Sheikh assumed a demeanor of great earnestness, and passed his extended hands several times to and fro before the young gentleman's face, commanding him at the same time to look fixedly into the little pool of ink upon his right palm. Then came a whispered talk between the Sheikh and Mr. Jones, of which I caught only occasional phrases here and there. That Mr. Jones was now as wax in the hands of the Sheikh was apparent to the most casual observer.

"Look well! Where goes he now? Mark well the—"

I caught no more. Suddenly the Sheikh bent forward and wiped the ink from the hand of Mr. Jones. Then he made some further movements with his hands before the young gentleman's face and turned away. Mr. Jones shook his head, coughed, blinked once or twice, and walked slowly to my side muttering, as though this singular incident of the ink-splash had not occurred at all.

"Bai Jove! Do they take us for a lot of pickpockets, or what?"

"Gentlemen, this very regrettable incident is one which I deeply deplore." It was the Photographic Artist who began to speak now, his manner suggesting a curious blend of extreme nervousness and extreme deference. "But, as I am expected in the matter of three other professional engagements this morning, I fear that I must ask you to excuse me now. I—in fact, it is highly necessary—I would say that I really must be going without further delay."

And the Artist gathered up his photographic odds and ends as he spoke. But, to his confusion, it appeared that no sort of attention was paid to the matter of his extremely polite remarks. The doorkeepers fixed their regard upon the ceiling, and my friend the Sheikh was busy in a whispered conversation with his Excellency the ambassador.

"Sir!" cried the Sheikh, suddenly wheeling round upon the Photographic Artist, "be not so hasty, I beg you. The loss we all deplore is a great one, but my lord, his Excellency, is not a man of one jewel. Let us put it aside, and, since you have the picture of his Excellency, who is a relation of mine, I beg you will now take one of me, without delay. See, I stand!"

My friend the Sheikh threw himself at once into a pose of really splendid defiance. Just so and not otherwise might a Moorish Emperor have received an ambassadorial petitioner from the infidels in the bad old days of that sainted butcher, Moulay Ismail, of bloody but revered memory in Morocco.

To my surprise the artistic value of the picture did not seem to appeal to Mr. Montgomery. Indeed it seemed at first he would not take the portrait; so he fussed, and nervously insisted upon the value of his time, and the necessity for his immediate departure.

"You will take my portrait!" said the Sheikh quietly, but with exceeding masterfulness. And the Photographic Artist proceeded forthwith to arrange his camera in position.

"Thank you!" said he mechanically, when the operation was completed.

"And now let me see the picture," demanded the Sheikh. And I was surprised at the ignorance he displayed, for I had once before had occasion to explain to him that photographs require development. Mr. Montgomery naturally protested that there was as yet no picture to show.

"Nathless, I will see it," persisted Sheikh Abd el Majeed, walking threateningly toward the camera.

"Oh, come, you know, but that's absurd," put in Mr. Jones, advancing upon the photographer's side. "You can't, you know, until it's developed."

"Do you refuse?" demanded the Sheikh in stentorian tones of the now hopelessly confused Photographic Artist.

"You see, my dear sir, it is impossible to show you now, and—I really must be going. I think it is not a very good picture—indeed, that is to say—"

With one blow of his fist the Sheikh sent the camera flying off its stand, and before Mr. Jones, who was indignantly running to the photographer's assistance, muttering something about a "brightened savage," could interfere, the Sheikh had effectually smashed the machine with his foot.

"Now get me my picture," said he, as though the breaking of the instrument made the immediate production of his portrait quite simple.

"I really cannot possibly wait—I must leave at once—I—"

The Photographic Artist showed a great deal of natural distress over the smashing of his instrument, and surprisingly little resentment, I thought, as he moved toward the door.

"Let no man leave this room!" thundered old Abd er Rahman.

So there we stood. Meantime, Mr. Jones, an ardent photographer himself, had picked up the broken camera, and was carefully examining it, with a view to determining the extent of its injuries. I supposed, seeing this, the very embarrassed Mr. Montgomery flew to his side, and seized the fractured instrument quite jealously.

"Er—pray don't trouble!" said he, like Mr. Toots. "It's of no consequence whatever. I assure you; it's not of the slightest consequence—er—it's not a very good camera."

"Indeed," said Mr. Jones; "I quite thought it must be one of Stuphelet's new panoramic extensions, when I saw how you managed that big group. I wish you'd let me have a look at it. What's the idea in that sort of sunken space under the back screw?"

"Oh, that is merely a flaw in—er—"

But I will explain it to you at my studio with pleasure. Perhaps you will call round—I—er—I really must—"

The Photographic Artist was obviously very much put about. I felt quite sympathetic for him.

"Let me see that," put in Sheikh

A Good Housekeeper

will at once see the advantage of having

LUDELA

CEYLON TEA always on the table.

Abd el Majeed, striding up to Mr. Montgomery. "There I shall find my picture, perhaps."

"Indeed, sir, I assure you that it is not possible for your picture to—"

"You can't possibly see it, now you've stupidly smashed the thing, you know," said Mr. Jones, speaking with feeling for a fellow photographer, no doubt.

The Sheikh said nothing, but snatched the camera from the hands of the Photographic Artist, who, to my astonishment, turned at once and fled wildly toward one of the doors. "He probably thinks now that he has fallen among savage cannibals, at least," I thought, and walked after Mr. Montgomery with a view to reassuring him. Hearing a shout behind me, I turned in time to see the Sheikh slit open the recess below the camera with the point of his dagger, thus exposing his Excellency's magnificent aigrette, or rather the Sultan's, neatly ensconced in cotton-wool.

Sidi Abd er Rahman hoarsely demanded that the right hand and left foot of the Photographic Artist should at once be cut off, this being the method most approved in such circumstances in the realm of his Shareefian Majesty, Abd el Aziz. I ventured to interpose here, for already two attendants had dragged the barely conscious Mr. Montgomery to the side of his Excellency's cushions. I explained that we Britishers had a prejudice in favor of formal trial and sentence in these matters, and requested that a footman belonging to the house might at once be sent out for a police officer.

After some rather fierce discussion, in the course of which his suspense seemed to weigh very heavily upon Mr. Montgomery, this was done, and the Artist, with his wonderful camera, his flowing, but disarranged, necktie and his other belongings, was removed from our presence by a stalwart member of the Metropolitan force. We learned in the course of a week that Mr. Montgomery was one of the most expert jewel thieves in Europe, an artist, indeed, and one for whom the police were already anxiously looking in connection with another and a more successful robbery than the present one.

But I never quite got to the bottom of my Sheikh's experiment with the ink-blot in the rosy hand of young Mr. Jones. I gathered that it was the Moorish form of crystal-gazing, and the Sheikh said he had enabled Mr. Jones, by hypnotism, to see the whole theft in the ink-blot. But whatever the process, the Sheikh certainly managed the matter very ably, as we all agreed. And he now wears a very handsome silver-shed dagger, with a big emerald in its hilt, sent him by the Sultan after the story reached Morocco.—"Cornhill Magazine."

A Poet's Mother.

Robert Buchanan had one deep enthusiasm, his mother. She was always young in her appearance, but he regarded her, to the end of her life, as abounding even in girlish charms. He could never realize that she was growing old. In looking at her, even when she was close upon eighty, he saw the soft blue eyes and golden hair which he had loved long ago.

"I cannot imagine my mother as old," he said again and again, the day after she died. "I do not feel that she is dead, for I cannot imagine the world without her."

When, a youth of eighteen, he went up to London, "to take the world by storm," he was a miserably homesick lad. He sat in a corner of the railway carriage, his heart aching his eyes dim with tears. "I realized," he says, "that I was for the first time quite friendless and alone. I thought of my dear mother praying for me at home, and I longed to turn back and ask her forgiveness for any pain I had caused."

About Complexions.

Food Makes Them Good or Bad. Saturate the human body with strong coffee and it will in time show in the complexion of the coffee drinker.

This is caused by the action of coffee on the liver, thus throwing part of the bile into the blood. Coffee complexions are sallow and muddy, and will stay that way until coffee is given up entirely.

The sure way to recover rosy cheeks and red lips is to quit coffee and drink Postum Food Coffee, which makes red blood. "I had been for more than 20 years an inveterate coffee drinker, and it is absolutely true that I had so completely saturated myself with this drug that my complexion toward the last became perfectly yellow, and every nerve and fibre in me was affected by the drugs in coffee."

"For days at a time I had been compelled to keep to my bed on account of nervous headache and stomach trouble, and medicines did not give me any relief. I had never consulted a physician in regard to my headaches and terrible complexion, and I only found out the cause of them after I commenced the use of Postum, which became known to me through Grape-Nuts. We all liked the food Grape-Nuts, and it helped us so we thought Postum must certainly have merit, and we concluded to try it. We found it so delicious that we continued the use altogether, although I never expected it to help my health."

"After a few months my headaches were all gone and my complexion had cleared wonderfully, then I knew that my troubles had been caused by coffee and had been cured when I left off coffee and drank Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum will change the blood of any coffee drinker, and rosy cheeks and health take the place of a yellow skin and disease.

Postum will change the blood of any coffee drinker, and rosy cheeks and health take the place of a yellow skin and disease.

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Postum will change the blood of any coffee drinker, and rosy cheeks and health take the place of a yellow skin and disease.

Quick Lunch.

How does the busy man lunch?

He rushes into a quick-lunch room. All heedless of the impending doom that lurks in the hasty bill of fare. Dispensed to the reckless eaters there. He works his way to the crowded bar. Where heaps of quick-lunch viands are, And, arming himself with plate and knife, Proceeds to shorten his busy life.

He grabs a sandwich of ancient date And shoves it between his thumb and plate. Of eggs he seizes on one or two. That are boiled so hard the whites are blue. And as indigestible as glue. Then a bowl of coffee scalding hot. And he backs away with what he's got. And he hurries the combination down. With gulp and gasp and impatient frown.

Again he goes to the fatal pile. Fretting and worrying all the while. About the time that is speeding by. He captures a piece of cold pie. It looks all right to the careless eye. It is all right if you want to die. A couple of crullers of that month's make. A stale éclair and a piece of cake; Swallows the whole as quick as he can— Oh, he's a terribly busy man!

A toothpick, ice water, and he's done, And back to his office on the run. How does the busy man feel? He is very, very much depressed. He feels as though he is all compressed. Like a man was sitting on his chest. He has a something he can't explain. He knows it's there, for he feels the pain; He'd call it wooden, but wood is light. And the thing he has weighs like a freight. He drags around from morning to night A ball and chain on his appetite.

He sees a doctor and states his case. The doctor, noting his pallid face, Gives him the limit. The man goes back To travel the old dyspeptic track. —Baltimore "American."

Vanity.

Mr. Potts (to his wife)—My dear, the air is chilly. Fermez la fenetre. The visitor (sotto voce)—Why do you ask your wife in French to shut the window? Mr. Potts (ditto)—Because you are here. If I asked her in English she wouldn't do it, as she won't take instructions from me before visitors. But if I say it in French she gets up and does it at once, so as to let you see that she understands the language.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Looked Easier.

Mrs. Whiffletree—Silas, I think if I went to New York with you then bunco men would let you alone. Mr. Whiffletree—I'm afraid not, Jane. If they see me with you they'd know I wuz dead easy.—EX.

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A single trial will convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers.

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.
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"Pidgin" English.

The Most Curious of all Languages

By Burnett Goodwin of Yale.

"MASTER have got?" for "Is the manager in?" you inquire of one of the many clerks about a Chinese shop, and "have got?" or "no have got?" as a laconic answer gives you the desired information. And this form of conversation is known as "pidgin" English. It is the commercial language of China. Not only does the American and the Englishman use it in his intercourse with the native, but the Frenchman, the Russian, the German, the Filipino, the Hindu, indeed, every foreigner in China uses it, unless he is familiar with the native language. And there are very few foreigners except missionaries who ever even study Chinese itself, much less become masters of the language. "Pidgin" English is the universal medium.

It must seem almost incomprehensible to the American, that in order to do business with the Chinese he is not obliged to learn their language, but the Chinese learn his; that is to say, he meets the Chinaman a good deal less than half way on this common ground of "pidgin" English. It carries the commerce of China, and came into existence through necessity and expediency, as one can readily appreciate.

The word "pidgin" comes from the mispronunciation of the English word "business" by the Chinese, the nearest they could come to the proper pronunciation of the word being "pidzin" or "pidgin." To-day, "pidgin" English is the universal medium; representatives of all nations use it, and the natives of many of the provinces have recourse to it. In a country like China, where there are as many dialects, or more properly, spoken languages as there are provinces, it is no uncommon thing in provinces where trade with foreigners is carried on, for natives who do not understand each other's language to converse in "pidgin" English. One hears frequently in Shanghai natives of Peking or Canton making their wants known to natives of Shanghai through the commercial language, "pidgin" English. This is peculiar, of course, only to those Chinese who are engaged in some form of intercourse or other with foreigners.

The "pidgin" English vocabulary proper contains perhaps forty words in all, and consists of murderously mutilated English words, as well as original native words and literal translations of Chinese idioms. There are also thrown in some Hindustani words, Portuguese, French and Japanese words. Commodities are known by the terms applied to them when they come. The verb "to be" seems to have no place in pidgin, the term "blong" seeming to answer most purposes of such a verb in all its forms. As, for example, instead of saying, "Is it raining?" you would ask, "Blong rain?" The answer would be "Blong lain," or "No blong lain," as the case might be. The Chinaman has great difficulty in pronouncing the letter "r," and invariably gives the sound of the letter "l" in place of it. He never answers "yes" or "no." He repeats your question in the affirmative or negative as a statement. "Have got" sometimes takes the place of the verb "to be," and also means in pidgin as it does in English, possession. Thus you would ask, as earlier illustrated, "Master have got?" for "Is the master or manager in?" "Have got?" or "No have got?" as the answer, indicates clearly presence or non-presence. "My have got too much friend," means simply, "I have very many friends." "Too" is always used instead of "very"; thus, "too muchee" meaning "very much or many."

The word "piece" precedes all nouns in phrases where quantity is referred to, as "one piece man" or "How much piece rishes have got?" This comes from the Chinese itself, where the word meaning "piece" is always thus used. In Chinese also, when designating position or place where, one must add the word meaning "side." So in pidgin, one says, "homeside" for "home," "Chinaside" for "China," "tableside" for "to or by the table," and so on. "Upside" for "up stairs" or "on top of any object," and "downside" for the opposite, are very apt and peculiar expressions.

"My" is always used for the first person, "I" thus—"My savvy," "I know." The second person, "you," is rarely heard, for the Chinaman talks in the third person as a rule. "He" is the only pronoun in the third person, singular and plural, and all genders. "He blong my," is "he, she, or it is mine," or "they are mine." "Pay" always means "bring" or "give," and "catchee" has the same meaning. "Catchee" also means "to get." You might say, "Pay me one piece chair" for "bring me a chair," and "catchee me one piece rishes" for "get me a rishes." "Catchee" signifies "seeking and bringing." "Chow" is the word for food, and

Won't Mix.

Bad Food and Good Health Won't Mix.

The human stomach stands much abuse but it won't return good health if you give it bad food.

If you feed right you will feel right, for proper food and a good mind is the sure road to health. "A year ago I became much alarmed about my health, for I began to suffer after each meal no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman. "I lost my appetite, and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin. My home cares were very heavy, for beside a large family of my own I have also to look out for an aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and, come what might, I must bear them, and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down."

"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being cured on the food Grape-Nuts, and acting on this suggestion I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food told me I had struck the right thing. My uncomforable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic, and in an incredibly short space of time I was again myself. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work, and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial will prove.

"to catchee chow" is an idiom meaning "to breakfast, tiffin, dine, or have tea." The Hindustani word "tiffin" is used all through the East to indicate the noon-day meal, and everything edible or drinkable is "chow." "Look see" is simply to investigate. "Chin chin" is "how do you do" and "good-bye," and is also a verb meaning "to talk." In going anywhere, you "walkee," whether by rail, sea, or road. And if the clock you own is out of order, your boy will tell you, "clock no walkee plover." "What time ship makee walkee?" is understood as meaning, "what time does the ship sail?" "Who man?" instead of "who," "what ting" instead of "what," are peculiarities of pidgin. "More" before an adjective is always used to illustrate the comparative degree, as "more small," for "smaller," and superlatively in the case of "more better" for "better." "Number one" indicates the superlative, as "number one cheap" for cheapness to an extreme, and "number one man" as highest in command or position. This last phrase is used to designate the manager of a shop, the superintendent of a factory, or any one in supreme power. "Can pass" for "all right," or as an indication of satisfaction, is a very apt and pat phrase.

"Chop chop" means "hurry up" in pidgin, but one often hears the expression "Au sau," which is Shanghai dialect, meaning the same thing. "Man man" is also a native word used in pidgin, and means "hold on," "stop," or "wait." The Portuguese word "maskee" exemplifies the Oriental spirit very accurately. It means "never mind," "let it go," and synonymous definitions. It is indicative of the procrastinating spirit, and the absence of the feeling of worry. "Savvy," from the French, means, of course, "know" or "understand." Thus, "my savvy," or "my no savvy," as the case might be. "Chit," from Hindustani, means "a note," and "kumsha," from the Japanese, means "gift," or "perquisite." "Just now" is literal as is also "bimeby." "Before-time" is "earlier," or "any time previous." "Morning time," or "night-time," are self-explanatory. "Last day" means "yesterday," and "next day" means "to-morrow." For "last evening" you would say "last day to-night." A young lady and her brother called on a friend of theirs in Shanghai, and in answer to their "boy" appeared, when this conversation took place:

Young lady—"Boy, missy have got?"
Boy—"My look see. Spose can walkee inside."

The boy then went up stairs, and the following conversation was waited down below:

Woman's voice—"Boy, who man?"
Boy—"Two piece man downside have got?"

Woman's voice—"Two piece man blong allee same maskee?"
Boy—"One piece blong allee same master, one piece blong allee same missy."

Woman's voice—"Talker can do; my look see chop chop."
The roundabout way in which the boy had to explain that "one piece man" was like the mistress, in order to convey the information that one of the callers was a woman, is peculiar to pidgin. The story is told of two foreigners, recent comers to Shanghai, who called at a hotel there, the Astor House, and inquired of the Portuguese clerk if Bishop Thompson was in. "I will find out," said the clerk, and calling a Chinese "boy," said, "Boy, one piece number one Joss man topside have got?" "My look see," replied the boy, and away he went. In about ten minutes he returned and reported, "Have got." The clerk turned to the strangers and said, "The bishop is in, gentlemen." Joss is the Chinese word for Supreme Being, and is applied by them to all their idols. A Joss house is a temple, and so is, of course, a church. Anything relating to clerical matters is therefore "Joss pidgin," and a priest is a "Joss man."

The description of an elevator, or "lift," in pidgin is very interesting. "One piece small house any fashion can walkee. Spose he wanchee walkee topside, makee pullee stalling downside. Spose he wanchee pullee downside, makee pullee stalling downside." "Any" in pidgin means "every," and "fashion" means "kind," or "manner." The following doggerel, containing the greater part of the "pidgin" English vocabulary, ought to be intelligible after a careful reading of the foregoing words, and can be sung to the music of "Yale Booleah," although the sentiment is far from being the same.

"My blong allee same, one piece Chinaman.
My wanchee foreign man chin chin.
Can catchee plenty pidgin, my savvy number one.
Who man wanchee talker my bling.
Plenty too muchee friend have got.
Maskee my wanchee what ting.
Chop chop, au sau, him talker can do.
Any time so fashion my sing."
Booleah, etc.

"My Joss have got, him blong number one.
Any time my chin chin he.
Him talker me what ting wanchee.
More better my side look see.
He savvy plover kumsha chow.
Him talker must know.
No can makee my savvy he.
Wanchee singsong allee samee."
Booleah, etc.

"Last day to-night, homeside my have got.
My have catchee one piece chit.
He blong allee same, number one litty gal.
My savvy how fashion he lit.
My wanchee catchee chop chop chop.
Man man he talker me.
No can pay chow, what ting have got.
Plenty money my wanchee see."
Booleah, etc.

The Artifice of Pap Hoggin.

ARKANSAS. A narrow, dust-carpeted road that sought the hill's crest along the line of least resistance; a buzzard, head drooping and fast asleep upon the atrophied limb of a lightning-blasted pine; a razor-back hog festively stropping his sharp spine against a tamarack; a melancholy running of a steed with a wisp of grass protruding from his mouth, fallen asleep in the very act of mastication. And in the middle of the road a man, lean as a starved pike, who wearily, oh so wearily, dragged his reluctant feet by main strength towards the little log bridge upon which roosted a dejected figure with elbows on knees and chin on palms. And at last the traveler, reaching the side of the sinner, swung his own long legs over the bridge's edge and somewhat later spoke.

"Mawnin', Pete."

"Mawnin', Zeke."

Silence. Steadfastly the eyes of the

original squatter continued to scan the bosom of the pool, and at length curiosity spread the newcomer's face. "Expectin' to spy somethin' down that-a-way?" he inquired, nodding towards the water. The one addressed answered himself and slowly drew forth an ancient watch.

"It's been a powerful passel of time now," he droned, returning the watch to his pocket.

"I'm listenin' right peart for news." "Well, yo' see, it was this-a-way. Old Pap Hoggin allowed he'd gamble me fewer bits he could abide three minutes consecutive under water—same as if it was cawn whiskey. Pussually I didn't reckon he'd be so brash as to risk it, but he did, and he's suddenly winned. It's been five minutes now since I seen that bald place on the summit of his haid a-sinkin' down and down in the pool, gettin' littler and littler, until it wasn't no bigger'n a hen's aig, and finally disappearin' altogether." Pete relapsed into his former position and continued to stare.

Silence, while another minute dragged its length along; then with a struggle Zeke brought himself to life. "Mighty curious why he don't arise up and collect," said he thoughtfully. Then, as if suddenly inspired, "Reckon the dogged critter has gawn to wuk and drownid himself."

Pete pursed his lips, scratched himself promiscuously, and pondered at some length. "Tain't likely. More probable he's doin' it jest to be comical. Allers was a-cuttin' up sech fool frolics." He spat copiously upon the stream and closed his eyes.

More silence. And then, "How long has he been under accordin' to present reckonin', Pete?"

"Purty nigh eight minutes now, Zeke."

The latter's head waved slowly, solemnly. "That's a powerful period fer to quit inhalin' oxegen and nitergen. Reckon he's shore gettin' drownid. We uns better up and wrassle around right smart."

Pete nodded. "Can't possible allow him only jest one minute mo'. If he don't sprout up by then there ain't no use expectin' him fer three days—unless we fishes him out." He raised his voice. "Hay, Pap Hoggin, yo' quit yo' fool ridiculousness and come up heah." The two settled themselves lower to await the result of this command.

The minute passed. "Whut'll we uns do about this heah circumstance, Zeke?" said the loser of the four bits, a touch of anxiety in his tone. "We uns mustn' perch heah like a passel of turtles on a lawg and see a feller-critter drownid and not scamper around a bit. We uns must up and doin'."

Zeke acquiesced. "Jest whut I been a-tellin' myself ovah and ovah lately. Reckon yo'd better gallop up town and tote back a pike-pole. I'll squat heah and see that he don't get away while yo's gawn."

"Naw, yo' go a-gallopin' yo's spryer'n me. Besides I'm feelin' powerful weak and shakin' steady account ager." The sufferer drew his knees up to his chin and groaned direfully.

Sighing deeply, yet yielding to this forceful argument, Zeke arose, stretched each long limb first separately, then all in chorus, and wandered away. At a distance of ten yards Pete's voice again assailed him:

"Got any eatin' tiberback about yo' pusson?" The other nodded.

"Much obleeged if yo'd loan me a bite."

"Got ter come heah if yo' hankers for a chaw."

"Reckon I'll abide until yo' comes back. Goin' ter scamper along now?"

"Yo' bet."

And at last he was fairly upon his journey.

Long was he gone. And during the peaceful interval the man upon the bridge, the buzzard upon the limb, the steed by the wayside, and the razor-back against the tamarack slumbered. Still, in the end he returned, and returning bore upon his narrow shoulder a long, slender pole, steel tipped and steel gaffed. At the falling of his feet

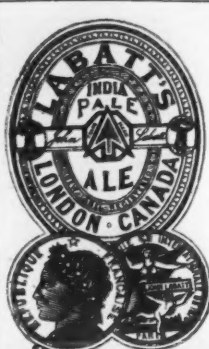


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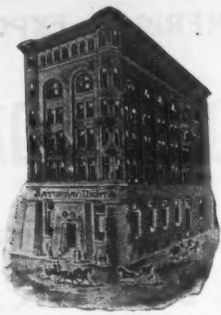
"Give me three hens for change, then, yo' pore trash, and I'll—"

But the rest of the conversation was lost in the distance. And upon the bridge the man, and upon the limb the buzzard, and by the roadside the steed and against the tamarack the pig, slumbered.—Harry I. Greene, in "Frank Leslie's."

If Mr. Cleveland makes the race against President Roosevelt next year, honors will be about even on the full baby-carriage issue.—Washington "Post."

Uppa Ginnit—You want you had a good spyllass? What for? Onizuppers—So's I could bring that brewery away over there close up to me.—Chicago "Tribune."

Lever's V-Z (Vine Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Vol. 16 TORONTO, CANADA, AUG. 22, 1903. No. 41

Lawn-Bowling.

THE chief interest in lawn bowling circles this week is centered in the Ontario Association tournament being held on the green of the "Queen's Royal," Niagara-on-the-Lake. The entries for the larger events are as large as any made heretofore, and the probabilities are that the contestants for the doubles and singles will far exceed those of previous years. Through the entry of the Westmount Club rink of Montreal, the play will partake somewhat of an inter-provincial nature.

Several friendly matches were played last week. The Hamilton Thistles defeated the R.C.Y.C. by 25. Kew Beach took Balm Beach into camp by 26 points, and Grimsby Park scored a victory over Lorne Park by 13. At the Hotel Hamilton the greatest enthusiasm exists among the lady visitors, no less than fourteen competing in the tournament for singles and a battle royal is expected between Mrs. E. Freyseng and Mrs. J. B. Reade in their play-off in the finals. In the gentlemen's singles the finals were contested by A. Rodgers and R. C. Score, the latter losing by a score of 17 to 5.

The fifteenth annual tournament of the Ontario Lawn Bowling Association commenced on Tuesday, the 18th inst., on the lawns of the "Queen's Royal," Niagara-on-the-Lake. Ideal weather favored the bowlers, of whom fifty-four rinks competed from all parts of Ontario, including one rink from Westmount, Montreal, who were defeated in their initial game by Dr. Henwood of the Canadas. The day's play resulted in some of the former trophy skippers receiving their Waterloo, including Skip W. B. Smith of the Victorias (who succumbed on an extra end play); Charles Sweeney of the Victorias, taken into camp by Skip George Orr of the Granites to the tune of 28 to 8, and David Carlyle of Prospect Park. The annual meeting was held on Tuesday evening in the Pavilion. It was very complimentary in its proceedings, and partook very much of the nature of a love feast. The principal business done was a motion to change the date to July from August for the holding of the next tournament, and also a motion carried that the minimum length of throwing the "jack" should hereafter be 75 feet instead of 60 feet, as heretofore.

LUNA.

Martyrs of the Pole.

DURING the nineteenth century, two hundred ships have perished in Arctic exploration, over thirty million dollars have been spent, and numberless lives have been lost—but the mystery of the Pole remains unsolved.

The "Deutsche Revue" contains a most interesting article by the Marquis de Nadaillac upon the martyrs of the North Pole. The nineteenth century closed with the expeditions of Greely, De Long, Jackson, Peary, Nansen, and Amundsen, and the Duke of Abruzzi; and the prize of the greatest effort was a few more miles of ice-field conquered, and the attainment to the highest point yet reached, 83 deg. 33 min. 49 sec. north latitude. This was done by Captain Cagni, Amundsen's lieutenant. Three men in his expedition were lost and never again seen. Amundsen's project was condemned by all the highest authorities as quite impossible, and the writer considers that after such a clear sign from heaven as was given by the continuous contrary winds during a whole year, Amundsen should have desisted. His two companions did so; but he had so many offers to fill their places that he could pick and choose as he liked. It was said that an American newspaper offered him \$20,000 to take one of its editors! Rumors of the discovery of the skeletons of the bold explorers were many, but none proved authentic. Sverdrup, however, seems to have achieved the greatest measure of success of all. He was captain of the "Fram" in Nansen's expedition. On that occasion, staying quietly on his ship, he penetrated almost as far north as did Nansen with fearful labor and privation. A second time he essayed to conquer the problem of the Pole in the "Fram." He solved many important problems. He upset the theory that there was no land between America and Asia by the discovery of three islands. Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, spoke enthusiastically of Sverdrup, but strongly deprecated the costly expeditions which the various nations sent out in rivalry without any system of co-operation. He considers future North Pole expeditions as worthless; useless for geographical purposes; useless from the naturalist's point of view.

Sverdrup ought, perhaps, not to be considered a martyr of the North Pole, as he had a well-built ship under him all the time. Peary has proved by far the most energetic and persistent of Arctic explorers. He took his wife with him on his first expedition, during which a daughter was born to him. In all, he made seven expeditions, and discovered that Greenland was an island. The latest pioneers do not deserve the name of martyrs. They go in well-appointed ships, with tenders to keep them supplied with food and every luxury—and do nothing. The Russians made a bold attempt to reach the Pole by means of the ice-breaker, the "Zermak" but it was a miserable failure. Two Danish expeditions did very good scientific work from the east side. They discovered a village full of skeletons. The men lying in the huts, the dogs at their feet, while the bones of bear and walrus round the huts showed that the gruesome sight was not caused by starvation, but by sudden catastrophe.

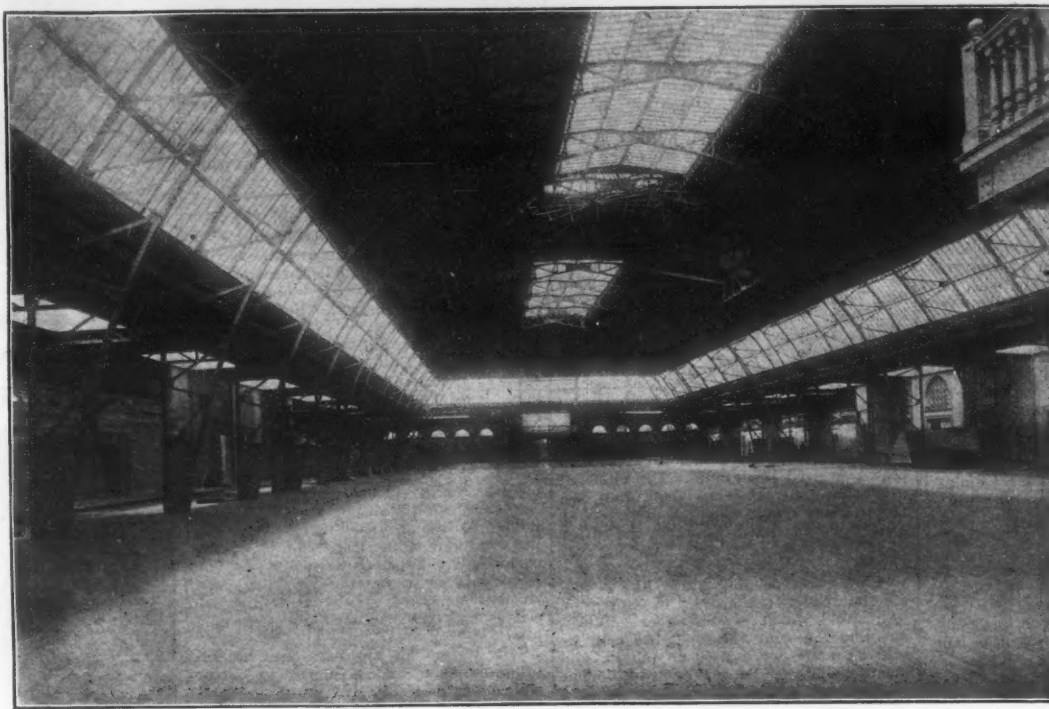
Lassoing a Buffalo.

THE fare provided for steamboat crews on the Missouri River boats in early days was extremely plain and scanty. In the "History of Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River," the author tells of a boat commanded by Captain LaBarge, the crew of which got very tired of their daily rations of salt pork and bread. As they got into the buffalo country, Captain LaBarge told them that they should have the first buffalo they saw, even if he had to lie to half a day to get it.

Captain LaBarge had as first mate an excellent man named John Durack. He had been on the river before, but had never been engaged in a buffalo hunt, and the captain thought this a good opportunity to initiate him. When the boat reached the vicinity of Handy's Post four buffalo bulls were seen swimming the river.

"Man the yawl, John," said Captain LaBarge. "I will go with you and we will have a buffalo before we get back."

The captain gave orders to the men on the boat to shoot the buffaloes, and he would then lasso one of the wounded



Interior of the Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building.

ones and drag it to the boat. He put Durack in the bow with a line, while he took the rudder. The men on the steamboat fired and wounded two of the buffaloes. To get to them the boat had to pass close to the two uninjured ones. The captain supposed that Durack understood the programme, but the mate was not familiar with the game they were hunting, and to LaBarge's consternation slipped the noose over the head of one of the uninjured animals. Too late Captain LaBarge shouted to him not to do this; that he did not want to anchor to a live buffalo.

"Oh," replied Durack, "he's as good as any." The buffalo kept straight on in his course. The men backed their oars, but to no purpose; they could not stop him. Finally his feet touched bottom, and up the bank he went with the boat and its helpless crew after him. They might indeed have taken a boat ride over the bare prairie had not the stem of the yawl been wrenched entirely out of the boat, and carried off by the terrified animal.

There stood the sorry crew, shipwrecked across the river from the steamboat and with no buffalo! A whole day was consumed in getting back to the boat and in repairing the broken yawl.

John Brown's Influence.

WE have had many "Lives" of the late Queen, most of them adulatory and colorless. In "Victoria, Queen and Ruler," Mrs. Emily Crawford, the well-known Paris correspondent, has not hesitated to pour cold water on many glowing tributes. Here is a story drawn from the era of the ascendancy of John Brown, which was given to Mrs. Crawford by Sir John Bennett, who, as "watchmaker and jeweler" to Her Majesty, attended on the eve of great birthdays at Windsor with a box of wares. He often returned with slender gains. On one occasion he lamented to a Court official the spoiling of his market by the Queen's deep mourning.

"Shall I give you a tip?" whispered the Court gentleman. "Brown is hanging about the steward's room, where you are to lunch. Ask him to lunch with you." "Why?" "Don't ask, but follow good advice. This much I can tell you; they are awfully afraid now of Fenians, and, as she is rather nervous about them, Brown's strong arm and watchful eyes are in greater request than ever. He is really the bodyguard when she goes out. If you make much of him, you will gratify Whom you know." Sir John took the ball on the hop. Espying Brown, he went up to him and said:

"Mr. Brown, I am a great admirer of your part of Scotland. It's a bonny country, and most so on Deeside. My name (showing a card) is no uncommon one at Aberdeen. Do me the favor to share the lunch the Queen has ordered for me in the steward's room. I dislike to eat alone, and it will help my appetite to hear good plain Scotch from the mouth of a Crathie man." "I must tell Her first," said Brown. "Wait a while, and I shall let you know after I have asked Her leave." Brown went away, and soon came back, "willin'" to share Sir John's lunch and bringing the keys of the Queen's own cellar and a wine list. He let Sir John study it, asked him what vintages he would like, and recommended a port and a sherry which the ex-Sheriff thought nectar. There were other fabulously fine wines that Brown himself fetched. In the course of conversation Sir John lamented the effect the Queen's mourning had on his business. "I'll set that all right," said Brown, who, at the end of the lunch, went back to his post, but returned to summon Sir

John to an audience. The Queen bought nearly everything in the box, was all graciousness, and remained as good a customer as Sir John could wish.

Whistler's Marriage.

IN a recent number of "Truth," Henry Labouchere claims that he was responsible for the marriage of the widow of Goodwin, the architect, and James McNeill Whistler, the artist. He writes:

"She was a remarkably pretty woman, and very agreeable, and both she and he were thoroughly bohemians. I was dining with them and some others, one evening, at Earl's Court. They were obviously greatly attracted to each other, and in a vague sort of way they thought of marrying, so I took the matter in hand to bring things to a practical point."

"Jimmy," I said, "will you marry Mrs. Goodwin?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Mrs. Goodwin," I said, "will you marry Jimmy?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"When?" I asked.

"Oh, some day," said Whistler.

"That won't do," I said; "we must have a date."

"So they both agreed I should choose the day, tell them what church to come to for the ceremony, provide the clergyman, and give the bride away."

"I fixed an early date, and got them the chaplain of the House of Commons to perform the ceremony. It took place a few days later. After the ceremony was over we adjourned to Whistler's studio, where he had prepared a banquet. The banquet was on the table, but there were no chairs, so we sat on packing-cases. The happy pair when I left had not quite decided whether they would go that evening to Paris or remain in the studio."

"How impractical they were was shown when I happened to meet the bride the day before the marriage in the street."

"Don't forget to-morrow," I said.

"No," she replied; "I am just going to buy my trousseau."

"A little late for that, is it not?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "for I am only going to buy a toothbrush and a new sponge, as one ought to have new ones when one marries."

"However, there never was a more successful marriage. They adored each other, and lived most happily together, and when she died he was broken-hearted, indeed. He never recovered from the loss."

A Delicate Subject.

Madge—Miss Autumn's name was printed in the paper, but her age wasn't mentioned. Marjorie—Of course not. That girl's age is unfit for publication.

"It's funny our minister never gets married," remarked the young husband, who had just refused his wife a bonnet, in his endeavor to change the subject. "I think he'd make a good husband." "Well," replied the wife, warmly, "he didn't seem to make a very good one when he married us."—"Tit-Bits."

At this season of the year multitudes of people are paying from \$10 to \$25 a week at summer hotels for the privilege of being deprived of the comforts of home.—Hartford "Post."



HOLDING HIM OFF.

Mayor Urquhart—Well, if he gets through, they can't blame me. I've fought the brute at every turn.

Women's Pets.

TORONTO can now boast of a cat club devoted to the interests of cats of various sizes, shapes, colors and breeds, in addition to a cat show in connection with the Industrial Fair. Hence the following indictment of domestic pets in general which appears in an English paper may be of interest:

"Amongst the vagaries of society one of the most noticeable is the amount of time and money devoted by women to their domestic pets. This is no new hobby, but it has reached unprecedented developments during the season that is now dying. Here is an excerpt from a journal of some ten days ago:

"A lady walking in Hyde Park was followed by a maid wheeling a perambulator, on which was slung a satin hammock, and when the passers-by sought to get a glimpse of the favored child that lay therein they discovered a specimen of the canine caricature called a King Charles spaniel."

"In Paris there is an establishment called the 'Chiens Fideles,' where dogs are rigged out in all manner of elaborate attire. A poodle freshly turned out from this shop wears patent leather shoes, a bow of the latest fashion just below its immaculate high collar, and a narrow strip of perfumed handkerchief protruding from its breast-pocket. It is also the fashion for women to carry lizards attached to their bodies by little silver chains."

"Such exhibitions present sidelights on modern civilization that the social reformer is bound to take note of. Dog-worship amongst women is an outcome of the idleness produced by the possession of wealth, joined to a freedom from any particular duties in life. 'What are we to do with our time?' say these women of the upper ten. The responsibilities of the household are transferred to butlers and housekeepers, and the children of the family are left to the nursery-maids. Fashionable women who are quite able to undertake the suckling of their own infants disdain to do so. It spoils their figures, they say, and it interferes with their numerous trumpery appointments at garden parties and 'at homes.'"

"Whilst mothers neglect their families for their pets, women without children indulge in the plea that pets are the natural substitute. 'We must have something to love' is the excuse. In some cases the excuse is genuine; in other cases it is a glaring hypocrisy, for the fashionable treatment of animals is a bogus sort of kindness. It is a love of show, and not a love of horses that causes women to insist on tight bearing-reins. Is it kindness to catch a bird and clap it into a cage, dooming it for life to the punishment of never again using its wings in flight? You have the answer in the fact that such birds pine away and die in a short time. Is it kindness, again, that takes dogs twenty miles panting behind a motor-car?"

"The 'Sketch' has been publishing portraits of society women and actresses with their dogs. One is led to believe that nearly every woman with money spends a portion of her day in the companionship of a canine favorite. This suggests the question why dogs should be so generally preferred to other creatures. We may admit that they often possess amiable qualities, but surely the world would be better with fewer of them. Judged by his ancestry, the dog is the least pure of all our pets. He has the taint of the jackal, and the savagery that comes from the hunting instincts of the wild dog and the wolf. In olden times he was trained to eat the dead, and any dog in England that is descended from Oriental stock must have something of the scavenger in him. If a particular kind of pet is to be multiplied in society to the extent of hundreds of thousands, it ought to be a creature of better manners—an animal whose habits are always, and not occasionally, cleanly."

"Most pets are absolute parasites, consuming food, but rendering no service in return. Human beings are declared by Holy Writ to be of more value than sparrows. It seems clear also that steaks and chops and sweetbreads should not be given to pugs whilst there are thousands of children going barefooted to the Board school. The workingman, imitating the aristocrat, puts in his turn an abnormal value on his pets. We are all familiar with the story of the kind lady who supplied a poor family with cream, until she found that the children were not allowed to touch it on account of the overwhelming claims of the dog. A workman's rat-catching quadruped is not to be labelled as a parasite, but the line ought to be drawn at supplying it with the best food of the house."

"I am well aware that friendship with the brute creation develops the nobler characteristics of mankind. We have been taught by Thoreau, Gilbert White, Richard Jefferies, and others to love natural history. But the results we expect do not always happen. The old maid relegated to the company of a cat and a parrot is often a sour-tempered person. Still more is it the case that the cult of society pets produces little good effect upon the votaries of fashion. The grande dame rides down the street with her dogs reposing on the carriage rugs. Her solicitude for them is only brought the more into contrast with her neglect of the wretched specimens of child life in the roadway. This country is crowded with anaemic children condemned to the horrors of the slums. What do the duchesses care? They are the very people who draw the rents from the filthy tenements. Read the statistics compiled by Mr. Charles Booth in his volumes on London's poverty, and you are forced to the conclusion that the devotion of the rich to their doggy friends is the counterpart of their indifference to the unrelieved misery of the masses."

That Trick Dog of Rogerson's.

It was Rogerson started me on the dog-keeping business. He'd got a dog, a kind of rough-haired mongrel, that he set great store by. There was a lot of talk always about his pedigree. Sometimes Rogerson said he was a pure champion-bred Irish terrier, and then again he'd make inquiries and find out he was an Airdale, and last of all he'd say that the dog belonged to a special new breed that they hadn't got a right name for yet, but they were making a club for that particular kind of dog, and his animal was going to be jolly high up in the stud-book. Anyhow, it was an ugly dog, and I never saw much use in it, but it gave Rogerson no end of reputation, and, what's more, when he was in ladies' society he was never at a loss for something to talk about. He'd just call the beast up and put a bit of biscuit on his nose and say "Paid for," and the dog would make a silly kind of snap and miss the biscuit every time, and then there was a lot of screeching and pulling up of skirts by the girls, while the dog rushed about chivvying the biscuit all over the floor. He had another trick, too. He was supposed to be a genuine Conservative dog, and if you offered him a biscuit from Gladstone he was to turn his head away and look sulky, but if you said "It's from Dizy," he was to smile all over and snap up the biscuit. More often than not Towzer would go for the biscuit at the first go, whether you said Gladstone or not; but, if he did, Rogerson of course wouldn't let him have it, so it all came right in the end. The consequence was Rogerson got to be very highly thought of in politics, and they made him a vice-president of the Conservative Club entirely owing to Towzer.—"Punch."

Society Item.

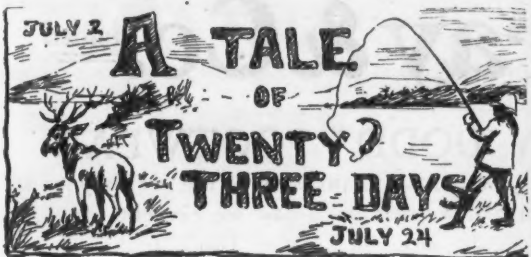
This is the way the editor of a Western country paper recently wrote up a marriage ceremony in his native town: "Would that our pen had been plucked from some beautiful bird of paradise and dipped in the eye of a rainbow, that we might fittingly describe the beautiful marriage scene enacted at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davis. Just as the day god, clothed in majesty sublime, had started on his downward course toward the western sea, shedding his galaxy of quivering, golden beams o'er the rejoicing earth—it was then that the cords of confidence, hope, and love, binding the hearts of Eli Frederick Guernsey and Beatrice Davis, were indelibly traced upon the scroll of life, and the sacred seal of holy matrimony placed thereon."

The Case in a Nutshell.

"Town Topics."

Advertising in trade papers is as if Mr. Steinway were to drop into Mr. Knabe's office and say, "I am making first-rate pianos." As soon as Mr. Knabe recovered from his surprise at this uncalled for information, he would reply, "So am I," and the incident would end there. Manufacturers do not buy the same kind of goods from other manufacturers, and what possible advantage can they gain by informing their competitors about their business? The only advertising that pays is that which reaches the purchasing public, who never read trade papers.

"I dislike that Miss Jones. She seems double-faced." "Impossible, or she'd be wearing the other one."—"Chaparral."



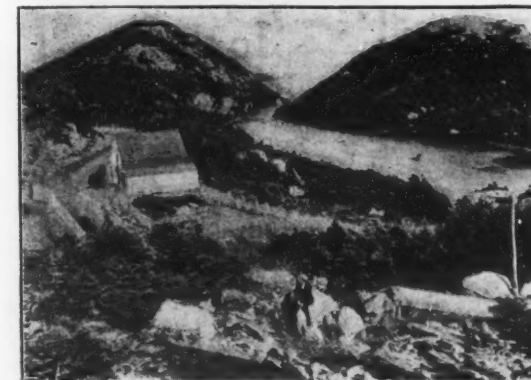
I WAS sung to sleep in infant days to a quaint reiteration of the query, "Did you ever, ever see a whale?" At Bellina, one of the ports of call, I saw the various "ingredients" of a whale, and smelt them also, one of the most abundantly satisfying experiences I ever collided with. On such a lovely, bright morning as should never be perfumed with whale, we poked the "Glencoe's" nose into the whaling port, and saw, first, the chute, up the gentle incline of which the dead whales are hauled with a chain hooked firmly into them and worked with a windlass. The chute had unmistakable traces of gore and blubber, and there was a neat little "whaler" at the dock which made interesting inspection. The swivel gun which launches the explosive bomb into "la pauvre baleine" was a surprise to me. I had never enquired into modern whaling procedure, and actually clung to the notion that men went out in boats with harpoons, as I'd learned in those ancient days of "McGuffey's Third Reader." The gun is loaded with an iron bar several feet long, on the end of



Herring Neck.

which a lance-shaped bomb loaded with explosive cotton is screwed. The bar has also some engaging looking hooks demurely folded, which spread open and clutch the surrounding whale as soon as the bomb explodes in his "little inside." Once in a long while it doesn't kill him, and then, hurrah for a cruise! A whale near Placentia took an excursion trip after the bomb did its worst, and the whaler, who told me of the time his boat made in following, assured me that they distanced the Empire State Express for a matter of twenty minutes. When the whale is killed, towed to the port, and hauled up on the chute the work of chopping off his blubber is a dirty job. Here is the tale told by a nice young man from St. John's with a boutonniere of ferns and wild hyacinths, who came down to a whaling station this summer as paymaster. The men were up to their usual pranks, some capering about with a long section of blubber twined round their necks like a lady's boa, some with sections of whale hide as toboggans, shooting the chute and plunging into the indescribably dirty sea water. The young man watched them for a little while, then he became a bit "tete-montee," and before he knew what he was doing he had pitched off his outer garments, caught up a "boa," slapped and been slapped by lengths of greasy hide, squatted on a whale toboggan and slithered down the greasy, gory slide into the filthy water. It was hard to believe him, with the boutonniere "en evidence," but his whimsical account was all confirmed by several others who had themselves been infected by the madness of the moment. Captain Drake went foraging for a suitable souvenir of this odiferous port, and brought me a couple of whale's ears, the queerest surprises of all. They're like huge shells, and weigh like lead. "Monsieur la baleine" wears them inside his head, his visible aural aperture being only large enough to poke a match into. He also wears all his whiskers inside his mouth; a fearsome thing is a whale's mouth, and many a poor wee "capering" the bait that is washed about by the waves in solid shoals, gets a trip through those wiry whiskers into that little throat that has certainly shrunk since Jonah's day, for it's not much bigger than my wrist. When the blubber is removed and put into the vast trying vats, from which it emerges as crude whale oil through a hose into big blue barrels (of which we distributed hundreds from the "Glencoe"), there remain the huge bones to be utilized. These are boiled to free them from the flesh (and oh, what a soup ensues!) and then calcined and whirled in a rough perforated cylinder and sifted through in brown dust, "guano," for manure. All these charming processes were in course of completion the day we dropped in, and the sight and the smell are lifelong memories which I must almost apologize for passing on to my readers. The Christian Brothers whom we helped to expel from St. Pierre were quite chirpy by the time we struck the whaling station, and the "baby" had imbibed the Newfoundland notion that I must be given gifts, so he went foraging and returned just as the last blue barrel was rolled ashore, with a ground sparrow's nest and four dear spotted blue eggs in it, which he presented with a charming smile, hushing my outraged protests with the purest French in the world. As the "Glencoe" sailed away while he was telling me how he found the nest, there was nothing to be done but fetch it home, and here it is, to my daily distress and regret.

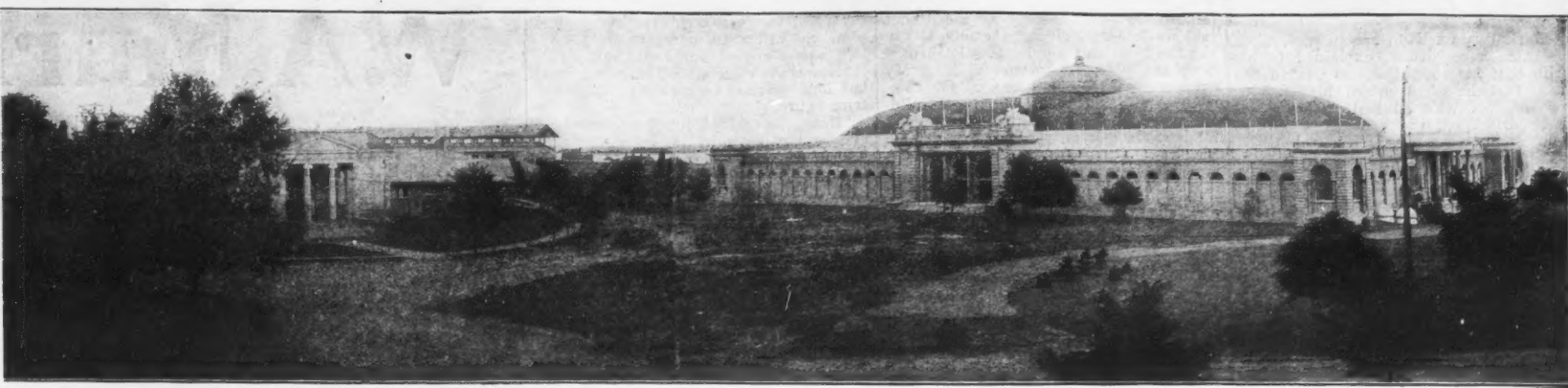
At Burgeo, one of our last ports of call, the wharf was lined with what looked afar off like a row of bedraggled black-capped canary birds, but turned out to be some thirty cod fishers in yellow oilskins who were kicking their heels and losing their time and temper waiting for the arrival of their bait. I should like to tell you how handsome one of these fishermen was—a Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, boy, with the exact fea-



How to Get Out?

tures (and several inches more height) of the first Napoleon. If Mary McLean of Butte, Montana, had been on the "Glencoe" there would have been doings! The fishermen heard from someone that I had seen Captain Woodard, who had shot a mutineer the week before, and the whole lot of them, captains, dory mates, Napoleon, and all, came on board and simply asked me to tell them everything I had heard and seen. It was a rainy Sunday morning, and things were a little crowded, under the narrow shelter of the covered deck, but I did my best for them and gave minutest particulars of the shooting, the provocation, and the remarks I had heard on the captain's chances, in St. John's. As I said in writing of the shooting two weeks ago, the whole matter has an absorbing interest for the captains and crews of these "bankers." The three captains followed every word I said, nodding affirming or denying, and good looks of the captain whose trial took place last week. "That sounds more like it," was their comment on the narrative, and then, though they laughed at my request for sea yarns, they told me about their life work. Thrilling enough to a land lubber are these simple tales of the sea.

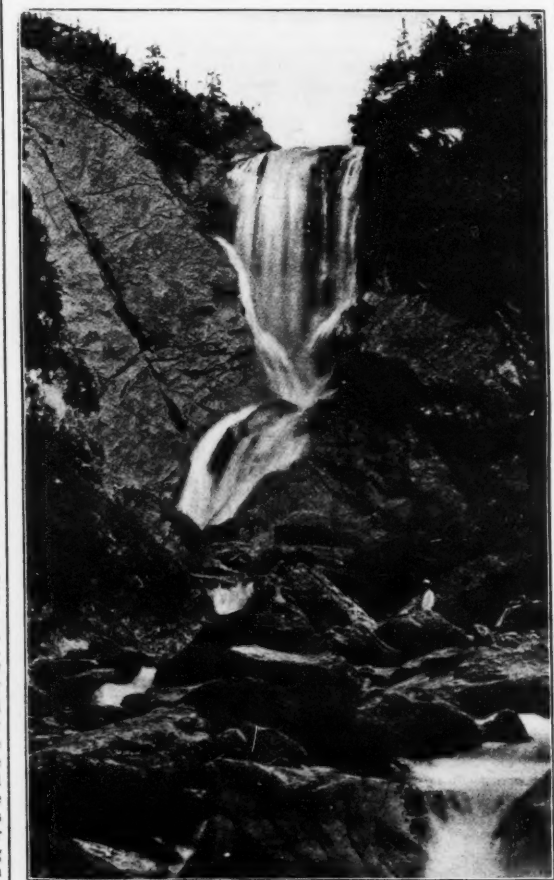
Of course I mentioned Kipling's great yarn of the "Banks"



Art Gallery.

The new Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building.

and found that all the captains and most of the Glo'ster fishermen had read it. It was rather a jolt to hear their verdict. "It's a good story, but no good for a description of the Banks and the fishing as they are to-day. Kipling never could have seen modern fishing, that's certain. We haven't done what he says we do for the last thirty years," said a clever little captain in a navy jersey, thigh boots, and a sort of yachting cap. "Yes, he's a bit behind the times," agreed Napoleon placidly, while I recovered my breath after the same sort of gasp I made when a couple of reserved Maxmen unlocked their private opinions of Hall Caine for my demoralization. Taken to task presently in earnest, Napoleon assured me that Kipling probably got his information from the "oldest inhabitant" round the Glo'ster wharves. "What are you waiting for here?" I asked Napoleon, who lingered after the captains and crews had said good-by. "Squids, madam." "What on earth are squids?" "Just the foolishest fish in the sea," he remarked with a smile that would have stood Mary McLean on her head. "Tell me about them," I asked. "Well, they're little round fish with feelers all round the edge, and I believe they are blind, besides having no sense at all. When we throw in a bunch of hooks those squids all grab at it and hang on as if it was plum cake. Then we haul 'em in and use 'em for bait." "Why don't they come here now?" "The Lord knows why a squid don't do what it should," he said, quaintly. "All I know is the captains and us are getting the worst of it. The boats are only victualled for six weeks and here we've been lounging round Burgeo for over two weeks. It means a good deal to us that those fool squids are gallivanting out in the ocean instead of drifting in here to be caught. It means starving next winter if they don't hurry." The grim truth! My Napoleon, with the chiselled profile, the wonderful curved lips, the soft, beautiful eyes, kicked the end of a rope and sighed for a shoal of squids, foolish fish on whose erratic movements depend the comfort, the life almost, of many a



The Best Water in the World.

household in the fishing town of Glo'ster, whence came Yarmouth Napoleon with his mates. Talking of the gifts from Newfoundland reminds me of the little pitcher. When I domiciled myself with the pleasant-faced householder in St. John's because the hotel was full, I fell in love with some of her pet china, old, guarded for generations, and delightfully quaint and precious. She smiled at my interest, and told me its histories, as we all do when we display our cherished crockery. The coachman who drove me to the train handed me my satchel with deliberation. "Would you be careful, or else you'll break the handle," he said, smiling. "Mrs. K— has put something in." When I got in the train I opened the satchel, and there was the very "juggiest" jug of all, carefully done up, with a tiny note. "This one has been in our family for over seventy years." And that's the way they treat one down in Newfoundland: One more little yarn, and then I shall quit the subject. It was on a delightful noontide that we sidled into "Pushthrough." Heard you ever so suggestive a name? When you're in, you're in; the question is how to get out. On second thoughts I'm not sure it was at Pushthrough that we confronted the servant question. However, that's a detail. At one of the ports of call, Belloran, or Bellina, or Harbor Breton, or St. Jacques, as we strolled along the dock, the most curious tiny, wee man came in sight. His nether garments were of yellow canvas until he turned his back. Then they were, O shade of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch! of mandarin blue denim. His little coat was, like many another on the south shore, made of all sorts of sample scraps of cloth. I saw one piece cut with scarlet plush; another had eleven different materials in the sleeves. I believe the samples are bought for a trifle, and Joseph in all his glory never had a more wonderful coat than is worn with perfect unconcern by many a Newfoundland. But the tiny old man waits! He wore a black sou'-wester, and his surprising breeches were tucked into long boots; it was a week day. On Sunday he wears his trousers long—that's the style and regulation. His small parchmenty face, wrinkled like a very passe winter apple, was illuminated by two brilliant blue eyes, as blue as the back of his trousers. He peered up into my face and thus began, "Have you seen my servant girl? She's been away for her holiday, and the two weeks is up, and she should be on this boat." The idea of this small scarecrow having a "servant girl" was a shock, but his annoyance at her default was sincere. "That's the way of them!" he fumed. "You can't trust 'em. Now, there's not any boat for a fortnight, and what am I to do? I've rowed over for her, and she ought to be here!" Then a quiet woman appeared. "She has sent a message. Her mother is very ill and she's nursing her, and she will get me to sail over with her early next week." Did the wee man rave and swear? Not at all. He asked at once with concern, "What's the matter with her mother? Do they think she'll get better? It's too bad the girl's holiday's spoiled." "She said to tell you she'd be over the minute she could leave her mother," concluded the quiet

woman. "She said to come for her Tuesday." "Oh, very well. I'll just get back home," and immediately his yellow trousers became bright blue. The girl was only ten miles away by land, but there are very few roads along the south coast. The boat and the sail are aye ready, and the sea is the highway. A dozen episodes are jostling one another in my memory as I bring my tale of twenty-three days to a close. The doctor, who is paid a stated sum by each family every year, and attends them as they call on him; the great priest with his Neroesque torso and his huge Newfoundland dog Max; the small ritualistic rector whom we met bobbing from the rectory to the big unfinished new church with two tiny brass vases filled with lilacs for the altar. I really must tell you of that church, where every man made his own pew. Such a collection of designs! One had spindles and a patch-work cushion, another was primitive and plain with a certain dignity of outline. The little rector told us of the stupendous work they had to build the fine new church, and he showed us a shipyard in some devoted parishioner's garden where a mission boat was on the stocks, rough, axe-hewn, but substantial. I am wondering yet how it is ever to be gotten down to the sea. "We have matins and evensong, and lights and processional, and do all that we dare, but along the easterly coast the people are so wretchedly Protestant!" said the small ritualist, putting on his biretta and gathering up his cassock to climb the hill. It was grotesque, in that crude and unsophisticated place, to hear such an utterance. I very nearly lost my passage at this place, for while the wee parson dilaed on his various "dares" the "Glencoe" whistled afar off and I might have been stranded for a fortnight. Then did a war-whoop of my childhood ring down the hillside, as without a farewell I dashed out of the church and made the race of my life for the dock. The "Glencoe" was away, but happily the war-whoop made the captain look about him, and he caught sight of me.

LADY GAY.

Comparisons.

What man whose fortune can command
Jewels of rarest taste,
Would be content upon his hand
To wear a gem of paste?

Who hearing heaven's symphonies,
The music of the spheres,
To any lesser harmonies
Could turn his captious ears?

Or who that's wont at regal feast
To dine off richest fare,
Would be content at Fate's behest
A beggar's crust to share?

And I, who from your lips have quaffed
Love's vintage all divine,
Could I to any other draught
Of baser Love decline?

P. V. K.

A Night in the Open at 22,000 Feet.

REGINALD RANKIN, the Englishman who last December succeeded in sealing to the top of the highest pinnacle of Mount Aconcagua in the Andes, and who as a result of his experience in the blizzard he encountered at 22,000 feet lost part of his hands and feet, has written a graphic account of his sufferings. While still at the summit an enormous cloud rose off the Pacific and in ten minutes the whole sky was darkened and snow fell in deadly earnest. Mr. Rankin's narrative proceeds:

"The rest is a confused mental tangle of intense cold, blinding snow, semi-darkness, crushing falls, despair, and the certainty of death. The further I went the worse grew the storm; soon I could only see a few feet in front of me. But I managed, as occasional rents in the pall of falling darkness helped me, to get upon the great northern snow slope, and blundered on, shouting in my agony for help—cries which the jeering rocks sent back to me unanswered. Twice on slippery hard snow I fell, and was at once whirled down the slope at a terrific pace. I clawed at the snow with my axe, but it would not grip on the hard surface, and I felt myself whirling onward at lightning speed to destruction. It was a most horrible sensation. But both times by some miracle I came to a patch of stones which stopped me. How far I rolled in this way I know not, but it must have been some hundreds of feet.

"All this part of the journey is very hazy in my mind. I remember sitting down, paralyzed with despair, with fearful teeth-chatterings and shiverings shaking me; then I would call myself a coward and get up and go on for a few yards. But the deadly cold of that blizzard at 22,000 feet was fast overcoming me, and at last, as the storm still raged, I felt that I could go no further. I had wandered by this time on to a little promontory of rocks, which fell precipitously, as I found out next morning, to the slope two hundred feet below. By the side of a big rock I saw a little scooped-out hollow in the snow; doubtless, thought I, this is my appointed grave. I sat down in it, quite glad to have ended the struggle, and looked at my watch. It was half-past four, and the snow was falling as thick as ever. Now I knew that I was done for. I took out my pocket-book and tried to trace a scrawl of farewell to my wife; it was unlikely that they would ever find my body, but still there was just a chance of it. That was the worst side of that last half-hour, as I fancied it, of my life. She had advised me strongly not to go; I had gone nevertheless; and now here was the end, and she would be alone.

"Well, fortunately this sort of half-hour occurs very seldom; that one I know, has brought me a fine crop of grey hairs. The teeth-chatterings and shiverings had gone now; a drowsy feeling came over me; I stretched myself on my back in my little grave, with my feet sticking over the precipice, and the divine Nature which comes to our rescue when our own thoughts would kill us carried me into the land of dreamless sleep.

"When I awoke I thought I was dead. The crescent moon was riding through a sky of deepest metallic blue, against which the white peaks that on every side hedged in my view struck with an almost unearthly contrast. As I gradually comprehended the full glories of that magnificent scene exultation filled my soul. 'The kings of the world,' said I to myself, 'are not half as well buried as I am. If only men knew that the spirit hovers near the place where the body lies they would think less of the splendor of the mausoleum and more of its position. Shah Jehan built the Taj for Nur Mahal; he had much better have sent her to the Himalayas. I always thought Rhodes a great man; now I think him greater than ever, for he must have known what happens after death. For he chose his sepulchre on the ridge of the Matoppos, and probably he is the only being outside China who has a decent post-mortem view. But here are you, a most insignificant fellow in life, turned into a kind of emperor of the dead, with a mausoleum higher and grander far than that of any human creature since the world began.' Then I began to rack my brain for a reason for my posthumous honors, and at length concluded, in the absence of more heroic virtues, that I must have been the only boy who never ill-treated a cat. There was a certain amount of cause, apart from the received tradition that people who go to sleep in snowstorms never wake up again, why I should believe in my bodily extinction. I was utterly without sensation of any

kind in my limbs, and when I tried to move them they made no response.

The snow must have ceased soon after I lay down the previous evening, for I was only partly covered, and my feet stuck black out of the white mantle, with the toes turned inwards towards me in a horrible curl. The sight of those toes looking at me instead of at the sky made me feel rather squeamish, and, thought I to myself, if I can feel squeamish I can't be dead. So I began by trying to work my right arm, and after desperate efforts I broke it loose from the ice which had frozen it hard to the snow beneath. Examining my hand I found that the finger-tips of all the fingers were a mottled purple color, and the nails of the second and third fingers were black. This frost-bite was due to the fact that in my efforts to clutch the snow in my two involuntary toboggans down the mountain I had worn all the finger-tips off my gloves. Then I worked my left arm loose, the elbow in both arms being the chief point of attachment to the snow; even now the skin over my elbow joints is red and rough. Having freed my arms I broke my back free from the ice the heat of my body had generated, by pressure on my elbows, and sat up and tried to work my legs. Here I was less successful; my legs seemed paralyzed; I could not move them at all. At this stage in the proceedings my delight in having the finest tomb on earth was sorely dashed. Here was I, tied to the top of Aconcagua like a dog to his kennel. Every man must die once, but I strongly resented having to go through the process a second time. The imminent probability of this event, notwithstanding all my resentment, gave me a strength which I had otherwise lacked. After about half an hour's concentrated effort of will I succeeded in freeing my right leg, which appeared to be very nearly as useless free as it was tied, so numb and limp did it feel. With the left leg I had still more trouble. In trying to loosen it I must have wrenched the muscles in my groin, for they became exceedingly painful. At last I had both legs more or less at my command, but they obeyed orders very slowly and reluctantly, and the feet were both absolutely insubordinate.

"All this time a wonderful sight was before me. The night gave way to the dawn; a faint twilight glimmered from behind the mighty bulk of Aconcagua and threw the giant's shadow far out into the distant sea; not a mere flat, intangible, two-dimensional unreality like a common shadow, but a flesh-and-blood thing of length, breadth, and depth, lurid magenta-purple in color, a gorgeous prism, stretching from the apex of the mountain in a straight line across his snow-clad satellites far into the Pacific. Higher and higher rose the sun; nearer and nearer, as though to greet him, came that royal purple-clad shadow from across the sea; it climbed up the side of the mountain, kissed its creator, and died.

"I had now, being a free man, to face the situation. It was about five o'clock of a fine and sunny morning, and I had to get down to my 19,000-foot camp if I could, or to Inca, twenty miles away or more, if I couldn't. To enable me to do this I had with me ten partly frozen fingers, two completely frozen feet, and a small box of meat lozenges."



"I love you, Honey."

Not Lacking in Respect.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH was recently the recipient of a memorial from India, written by an Indian prince, in which the weakness of the Oriental mind for rhetorical superfluity was quite humorously manifested. Among other polite forms, Sir Michael was addressed as:

1. Your parental lordship.
2. Your sagacious, intellectual and lustrous (sic) lordship.
3. Your predominant and complaisant lordship.
4. Your refulgent, sumptuous and vivid lordship.
5. Your polite, cautious and receptive lordship.
6. Your upright, righteous and impartial lordship.
7. Your intellectual, prudent and philanthropic lordship.
8. Your compassionate, gracious and merciful lordship; and, finally,
9. A "benevolent, magnanimous and inimitable blessed party."

Moved by this constellation of "lustrous" qualities, the Oriental memorialist palpitated to serenade his subject by "touching the chords of my invaluable lute, the property of my ever-renowned grandfather."

A Definition of an Egoist.

United States Senator Thomas C. Platt, on his seventieth birthday, was talking to a group of reporters at Manhattan Beach about a certain politician. "To land him, bait your hook with flattery," said the Senator. "He is an egoist. His worst enemy, by praising the cut of his coat, the architecture of his house, his skill at steering a boat or making a speech, his grace in lifting his hat to a woman—his worst enemy, by praising him or anything that concerns him, can twist him around his finger. Yes," the Senator concluded, "he is an egoist: a man who would be glad to die for the pleasure of looking up from his grave and reading the stonecutter's puff on his tombstone."

While Arthur was spending a week at his aunt's, he chanced one day to place his elbows on the table during dinner. "My dear boy," said his aunt, "don't you know that children of the first families must never put their elbows on the table?" "Oh, well," said Arthur, easily, "that doesn't hit me, for my father's been married twice, and I belong to the second family."

Anecdotal.

Mark Twain tells of a man who, when he came home drunk, explained to his wife that his condition was due to the fact that he had mixed his drinks. "John," his wife advised, "when you have drunk all the whisky you want, you ought to ask for sarsaparilla." "Yes," retorted her husband, "but when I have drunk all the whisky I want I can't say sarsaparilla."

A well-known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students, who accompanied him in his rounds, the other day. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is, or is not, a case for operation?" One by one the students made their diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative. "Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the free and flashing scalpel, "and I shall operate to-morrow." "No, you won't," said the patient, as he rose in his bed; "six to one is a good majority; gimme my clothes."

Thiers, the French statesman, was a victim of many whimsies. None had stronger hold on him, says Mons. Gabriel Hanotaux in "Contemporary France," than his desire to get everybody to recognize his universal competency. Of an applicant for the post of director at the Sevres manufactory, Thiers said: "He is no more made for that part than I for— and then he stopped. "Ah, oh! Monsieur Thiers," said his interlocutor, "you find it hard to say what you could not do." "That's the truth! That's the truth!" cried the statesman, gleefully. One day Thiers said, speaking of a man who had been raised to a high function: "He is no more suited for that office than I am to be a druggist; and yet," he added, catching himself up, "I do know chemistry!"

Chekhov, the Turkish Minister to Washington, attended in Philadelphia the recent launching of the Turkish warship "Medjidia" at the Cramps' shipyard. During the luncheon following the launch, Chekhov became animated for a moment on the beggars of Philadelphia. "You have here," he said, "an enterprising and intelligent collection of beggars. One of them approached me this morning. He told a moving tale of misfortune; then he asked me for a little money. I put my hand in my pocket to find that I was altogether out of change. 'My man,' I said, 'I have nothing for you now, but in an hour I shall be passing this way again. Then, I promise you, you shall get something from me.' 'All right, sir,' said the beggar; 'but all the same,' he added, fretfully, 'you wouldn't believe the amount of credit I give in this way.'"

A remarkable figure in Oxford University was Dr. W. Jacobson, Michell's predecessor as vice-principal of Magdalen Hall, subsequently Regius Professor of Divinity, and finally Bishop of Chester. Jacobson was a good scholar and a well-read divine, always able to set forth the various forms which Christian doctrine had assumed in the various Christian communities. But it was hardly ever possible (so it was said and believed) to tell at his own opinions. Michell used to tell a story in illustration of Jacobson's reputation in this respect. Meeting one day a member of the university, he was asked by him what he thought of the weather. "Well," said Michell, "I have just met Jacobson, and he said he thought it was going to rain." "What?" was the reply: "you don't mean to say that Jacobson committed himself to any opinion so definite as that?"

The artist Whistler's laxity in the matter of engagements was notorious. No one ever knew if he was coming or not to affairs. But his point of view is explained in his answer to a friend of his, who knew that he had an engagement to dine with some swells in a distant part of London, and who felt that it was most impolite for Whistler to offend them. It was growing late, and yet Whistler was painting away, madly, intently. "My dear fellow," he said to him at last, "it is frightfully late, and you have to dine with Lady Such-a-One. Don't you think you'd better stop?" "Stop," he said, "when everything is going so beautifully! Go and stuff myself with disgusting food when I can paint like this! Never! Never! Besides, they won't do anything until I get there—they never do!" And the entire speech is most characteristic of the man.

When the present King of Spain was little more than five years of age, a famous sculptor was engaged to make a statue of his majesty. The sculptor had difficulty in finding a pose for his subject when he should be at once spirited and natural, and sat one day in a brown study, regarding the boy as he looked out of the window. All at once the sound of a band of music was heard in the street. The King sprang up and brought his hand to his forehead in the military salute. "The flag, sir, the flag!" the boy exclaimed. "Salute it!" the sculptor had found the pose he sought, and made the statue represent the King in the act of saluting his country's flag. As he was at work the boy asked the artist, "Are you going to make me big?" "The statue will represent your Majesty a little larger than you are," said the sculptor. "Well," said the royal youngster, "I want you to make me very big with a long moustache."

Forbes Robertson, the English actor.

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who will visit the United States this fall, told a Hamlet story at the dinner that was recently given in London to Conan Doyle. "I was playing Hamlet in Birmingham," Mr. Robertson said. "My support was good, but one of the company, a man who took the part of Guildenstern, had been drinking too heavily for a week, and on the night that I am speaking of his nervousness, his queerness, amounted almost to an aberration of the intellect. I hated to go on with him, but in the beginning of the tragedy I confess that he did well enough. Then came the pipe scene. I extended the pipe to Guildenstern, and I said:—'Will you play upon this pipe?' He answered, very properly, 'My lord, I cannot.' I said, 'I pray you.' And then, to my horror, Guildenstern took the pipe from my hand. 'Well, my boy, since you insist,' he said, 'I will, but I warn you I'm a poor hand.' And he rattled off a verse of 'God Save the Queen' before we got him off the stage."

"Phil" May, the English artist, who died last week, worked, in his youth, on the "Bulletin" of Sydney, Australia. Occasionally the young man would be assigned by the "Bulletin" people to the police courts, and from these assignments he would bring back sketches, now humorous and now pathetic, that were admirable. One of the best of the "Bulletin" sketches hangs in the library of Joseph Chamberlain. It portrays a thin, hang-dog man in the prisoner's bar, talking to a very mild and sympathetic-looking judge. Mr. May's story of the sketch is that the prisoner had been dragged before the judge every few months for a number of years. "Your face is familiar here," the latter now said. "It is, your honor—worse luck," returned the prisoner. "Are you married yet?" "Not yet, sir." "Not yet, yet? How long is it, now, that you have been engaged?" "Seven years, your honor." "So long as that? Why in the world haven't you got married in all that time?" "Because, your honor," the prisoner explained, "Ann and I haven't managed to be both out of jail at the same time."

Granton Man Speaks Out

To Let the Public Know Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

John Fletcher had Lumbago and Kidney Disease and Could Get no Relief Till He Tried the Great Kidney Remedy.

Granton, Ont., Aug. 17.—(Special).—"I am glad to let the public know that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Lumbago, and I am now perfectly sound." These are the words of John Fletcher, a well-known resident of this village, and similar tributes to the great Canadian Kidney remedy can be heard on every side.

I had been troubled for a year with Lumbago and Kidney troubles," Mr. Fletcher continued, when asked for particulars. "My urine was of a very bad color and I could get nothing to help me. I consulted the best doctors in Granton and St. Mary's, but got no relief. Finally I bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and commenced taking them. They helped me almost from the first, and I was soon completely cured."

It is curious of this kind that have given Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. You can't find a neighborhood in Canada where Dodd's Kidney Pills are not known by their cures. If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure it.

The Silent Lover.

For an hour, and more, at her feet he sat. And while she chatted of this and that, Tatted a little and trimmed a hat. He only stared and he hardly stirred, And he wasn't able to say a word. Yet she didn't think him a perfect flat. Ah! he was her lover. It must be inferred. Well, so he was; but the fact's absurd. When she caressed him he only purred.

For he was a cat.

—Henry Austin in the "Independent."

Cupid in the Country.

YOUNG and bashful Henry Dorn and Jenny Hicks were standing on opposite sides of the fence that enclosed the Dorn farm. Jenny's elbows were on the top rail, and her chin was in the palm of her hands. Henry was standing a little off, wistfully but modestly contemplating his pretty little neighbor.

"Jenny," he said, "have y' heard y're pap say how his potatoes air comin' out this year?"

"They're all little and mighty few in a hill, Henry."

Henry put out one hand and rested it on the top rail very near Jenny's elbow.

"Ours is pretty good," he said. "Reckon we'll have a fair crop of 'em."

"I hope y' will."

Henry put his other hand on the rail. His position was face to face with Jenny. His hands enclosing her elbows.

"Air y' afeard of fallin' backward?" she asked.

"Wall, it's kind o' humpy underfoot here. A plover field's no place to stand 'thout holdin' on ter some'n."

Notwithstanding Jenny's covert intimation that Henry was edging rather close, she stood her ground.

"They say Mabel Haines is a-goin' to be married," she remarked.

"Wall, that's naterl. I'd like to find some gal willin' to marry me."

"I s'pose any of 'em would suit y'?"

"No, they wouldn't. The gal I want has blue eyes, yaller hair, and a mighty trim figure."

"Half the gals 'bout here has blue eyes and yaller hair."

"There's only one got the right shade for me."

Henry continued to pull himself forward at intervals, each time drawing a trifle nearer to Jenny's face.

"Y' better stop that," she said.

"Why?"

"'Cause."

Although Jenny spoke very mildly, she frightened the bashful swain. He leaned as far back as his arms would let him and looked at her dubiously. He saw no encouragement. It did not occur to him that Jenny might stand farther from the fence. But Jenny's mild admonition was her only effort to prevent him touching her rosy lips with his whenever he had mustered the necessary courage.

"Jenny," he said, "I b'lieve y're steered I'm goin' to kiss y'."

"No, I ain't. Y' wouldn't dare do that."

"Would y' mind?"

"Henry Dorn, y' jist stop talkin' 'bout sich things."

Henry started. He wondered how he could have been so bold. He let go his hold on the fence and stood back.

"Our bridle cow," he said, "had a calf last night."

To this bit of information Jenny made no reply. She dropped her arms on to the top rail and looked far beyond the easily discouraged Henry.

"Y're mad at me fer talkin' 'bout kissin' y'?" he said.

"I ain't mad about y're talkin' 'bout kissin' me," she replied.

"Y're mad from some'n. I reckoned that was it."

"What y' say?"

Henry repeated.

"Y're standin' so far away I couldn't hear y'."

Henry pondered upon this remark, and a glimmer of encouragement penetrated his sluggish brain. He approached the fence, and after a few irrelevant remarks put his hands on the rail again, enclosing Jenny's round arms, though his were unmet, keeping him at a distance from the lips he coveted.

"If y' think y' kin drive me away from this fence," she said, "y're mighty mistaken."

"I ain't a-tryin'."

Henry began a process of swinging backward and forward. Several times he approached within a few inches of her lips. She neither moved nor spoke. Finally the temptation was too great for him, and as a bit of metal placed too close to a magnet will suddenly click against it, he got within an irresistible attraction and their lips met. Henry drew back, abashed.

"That was an accident," he said. "I wouldn't 'a' done it fer a quarter section o' land if I could 'a' helped it."

"And I wouldn't 'a' had y' done it fer another quarter section," replied the girl, coloring. "Dye think I want anybody to kiss me as feels that way?"

"Air y' goin' to forgive me, Jenny?"

"No."

The word was spoken in a very non-committal tone, but Henry did not so understand it. He stood very near the pointing lips that had tasted so sweet, and a bit of reckless came to him.

"Jenny," he said, "I reckon that if y' air not goin' to forgive me fer takin' one, I might as well have a dozen."

To this Jenny made no reply. She looked out toward a barn that loomed up on the crest of a distant hill and waited.

"How much madder would y' be if I took a dozen than if I took one?" he asked.

"Lots."

Henry was beginning to discover that the penalty he must pay for a kiss was not very severe. Jenny's lips were still pointing within a few inches of his, and he was thinking if one kiss had been so sweet that a dozen must be twelve times sweeter. He slowly drew nearer and nearer, giving her plenty of time to draw back. She did not move, and at last Henry was reveling in another kiss, though whether it was one long kiss or a dozen short ones, he never afterward recollected.

That was the way it began. It drifted for months before Henry said anything about marriage, and when he did Jenny had long understood that that would be the inevitable result.—Harriet Ferguson in "The 400."

What He Raised.

Tramp—"What does your employer raise on dis farm?"

Farm Hand—"Everything but salaries."—Judge.

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Every man or woman tries during the summer to get a week or two of complete rest. They need it, and when they get it return to their work refreshed and invigorated. On the same principle the stomach needs a vacation. Give it one by using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will digest the food while the stomach rests. The result will be good digestion and renewed vigor all over the body.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets working on this principle never fail to cure stomach ailments. They cure indigestion or Dyspepsia of any stage. The proof is found in the statements of those who have used them and been cured. Mr. H. Bailey, of 206 Patrick street, Winnipeg, is one of these. Mr. Bailey says:—

"It gives me pleasure to tell of the benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have gained eight pounds in weight since I commenced to use them. Before that, no matter what I ate, I never seemed to gain strength or put on weight. I heartily recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor reserves the right to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Kathleen B.—I. You did not send me a mon de plume, but your letter is from a town in Ontario, near Harrisburg. 2. Your writing shows much power and very great persistence both in thought and action. You are not an optimist, and though you're dominant and love to rule, you are practical and considerate. 3. You are a person of great energy, capable of devoted affection, and a tendency to be influenced more through the heart than the head. February has twenty-eight days, and sometimes twenty-nine; some of them will give quite different traits, and I cannot say anything reliable without your exact date. I think you have a saving touch of personal pride and a decidedly bright and clever mentality. Your strongest impulses are not original, but adopted suggestions from without. It is a most interesting and estimable study.

Hope—You will never get left out for want of assertion and your strong personality and decision of character should gain you notice. You are adaptable, independent and pleasant-tempered, and generally of praiseworthy discretion. You may safely cherish the maxim, "Second thoughts are best," as you may be a trifle hasty. I don't think you're quite

matured yet, but there's promise of lots of good things coming.

Margaret—A birthday just on the cusp between Virgo and Libra is apt to bring contrariness into a girl. As to why you're not popular, is it because you are critical and a bit pessimistic? If one has the buoyant temperament one has "ten chances out of nine" to be liked, while the grouchy, fault-finding, nervous, pessimist, although needing the love a thousand times more, doesn't get it. You have a heart that is full of sympathy, but it is not expressed. Popularity has its drawbacks. It seems to me that a thoroughly popular person is in danger of growing psychically mediocre. Consider yourself with that. Don't be too tenacious of your rights, or too declarative of your convictions. Both these traits make the world think you cultivate belief in the goodwill of your friends and stop mistrusting them. If you had to earn your own living you would work best alone, but under authority. I don't see any marked talent, for initiative projects. Don't be too introspective. There's a big world outside your clothes, well worth being interested in. You are clever, exacting, affectionate and original, a strong and not always over-sweet personality—a woman who will never subside into obscurity.

Ethyl—There isn't much in this study beyond care, order, good temper, decided discretion, tact and sympathy. I think you would very likely be a successful business, so long as you were under considerate authority. Your birthday brings you under Pisces, the fishes, a water sign, and at once the most lovable and the most exasperating of the year. Pisces people have sometimes an abnormal and morose curiosity, which is faintly indicated. You have much of the sensitive, elusive and puzzling tone of the gentler sign of the fishes. Time should anneal some of your weaker muscles, and again I think you will succeed in a business or office situation.

Irish Kate—So "your conceit and self-confidence are unlimited." Why did you tell me? Did you think me purling? I cannot believe you are a "Kate" anyway, for all the sacred traits of femininity are absent from your writing. You are the hand of the average business clerk. You are certainly not what I consider a good writer, though your envelope is fairly addressed. When you launch into details in your letter various traits crop up to mar your study—gross materialism, a rather weak purpose, ambition to soar without solid merit to back it. And I think I've seen this study before. Say Kate, do you happen to know that you shouldn't cross your "t's" as if you didn't really mean to do it? The 14th of November brings you under Scorpio, a powerful and wonderful sign when properly guided and controlled. Better haul in your slack, my good Kate, and steer better on your course, if you really want to win out in life. And you are through masquerading you might let me know how you progress.

Babe—You might be eighteen, perhaps. Don't blame me. You ask me to guess. There is a lot of self-consciousness and a rather amiable and confiding tone to your writing, with various touches of inexperience and immaturity. You are not as careful as you should be of details and grammar, over-frank in speech sometimes. A June baby has a double sign to overcome. The "Twins" begin, but double reward for overcoming it. You have some taste and originality, plenty of force, a certain charm and power and no very well defined purpose in life but to look well and enjoy whatever is going on. On second thoughts, I'll add a couple of years to my guess at your age. You aren't so young as you looked at first.

Hope—Why did you send two studies? I am sure this is a duplicate of the one I did further up the column, or else that of a sister, even a twin, as you both name the same birthday. The difference looks merely that caused by a coarse and fine pen, except in one or two lines, which make me wonder if it's a case of "me and me sister."

Firenze—No, you may not express the hope that I may long be spared to edit this department. If you're wishing for my old age wish me a lot of good hard cash and no need to spend these lovely mornings with my eyes glued to graphological studies. Now for your case. It is indeed sad to contemplate a graphological discipline such as you confess to. To be taught such distinct and different styles of writing during your school days! Judging by the result, it strikes me that you wouldn't have mattered much if your study is a pretty, pleasing and thoughtful one, not decided enough in purpose, gentle and practical, adaptable and sympathetic. You are ways open to influence and generally see clearly the point of the argument. Hope is shown and all the gracious and plausible characteristics. The handwriting changes from outer and inner influences. There is no more fascinating study than the development of character shown in handwriting.

Sereneat Pim—That milliner will not down. She crops up every year or two,

and it is just ten years since the episode of the hat. I wanted it to sport at the Chicago World's Fair. Your writing is decidedly attractive. It shows concentration, sympathy, taste, and decidedly social instincts. You don't always take the pains you might for perfect work. You are very averse to influences and, though not prosy, verbose and entertaining. Your birthday, like that of a woman correspondent up the column, brings you just out of Virgo under Libra. She is self-conscious and mistrustful, while you are confident and never spend a minute thinking why people don't like you as well as you think they should. Neither of you can be limited to conventions, but she will always run against the wrong one while you slip around it gracefully. You have diplomacy when needful, some sense of humor, a healthy selfishness, and should achieve your ambitions. I should rather like to hear whether I've told you "more than you already know." I suppose you recognize your ability.



When the Lamp of Life Burns low the strain on all the delicate organs of the body is very great. The stomach and bowels are weaker—the liver more sluggish. Constipation paves the way for dreaded kidney and liver diseases.

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Nature's own aperient, is extracted from the pure juices of fresh fruit. It is not a purgative but a gently effectual and insistent laxative. It relieves the system of all impurities and acts upon the most sensitive organism without discomfort. Abbey's cleanses and purifies the blood, regulates the bowels and brings sound refreshing sleep. It cures constipation by removing the cause, and brings the entire system back to healthful vigor. Directions on the bottle. At all druggists 25c. and 60c.

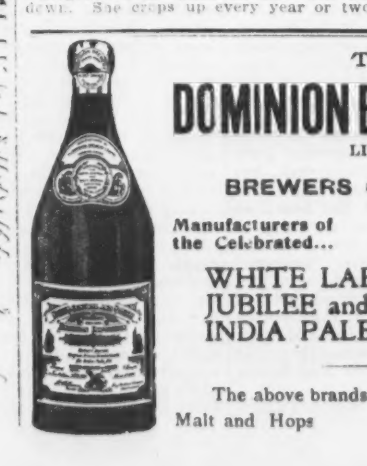
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Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast.

By a Staff Correspondent.

To reach Southern Alberta I took the Crow's Nest train from Medicine Hat to Lethbridge. This district has well been named the Colorado of Canada, for a more equable and bracing climate is not to be found elsewhere in the Dominion. Financially, this town was never in better shape—the large coal mines are paying well, and all other industries seem to be prosperous. Building is booming. A bricklayer gets \$6 per day and a carpenter \$4.

Since irrigation has been introduced from the St. Mary's River (about two years) several prosperous towns have sprung up, the largest of which are Raymond, McGrath and Stirling. At Raymond Jesse Knight, a wealthy Mormon, is putting up a million dollar sugar refining factory. It is just about completed. There is at present over five thousand acres prepared for growing sugar beets on irrigated land. In a recent test it was shown that sugar beets grown in Southern Alberta contained 20 per cent. more saccharine than any ever grown in Utah.

Lethbridge provides a ready market for all produce in the Kootenay district, and since the Crow's Nest line went through the town is in a position to offer every inducement to its British Columbia neighbors.

I left Lethbridge for Calgary via Fort Macleod. As the train approaches the latter place the glorious snow-tipped peaks of the Rockies gradually loom into view. From Macleod I travelled one hundred miles in a northerly direction, and arrived in Calgary late at night. "Sorry,



A Group of Cowboys Near Calgary.

sir, but a camp bed in the hall is the best we can do for you." It is a most disgusting thing to arrive tired from a long day's journey and have the clerk spring this on you; and I'm afraid I did not appear hilariously grateful for the accommodation. It was Fair week at Calgary, and every nook and corner was occupied.

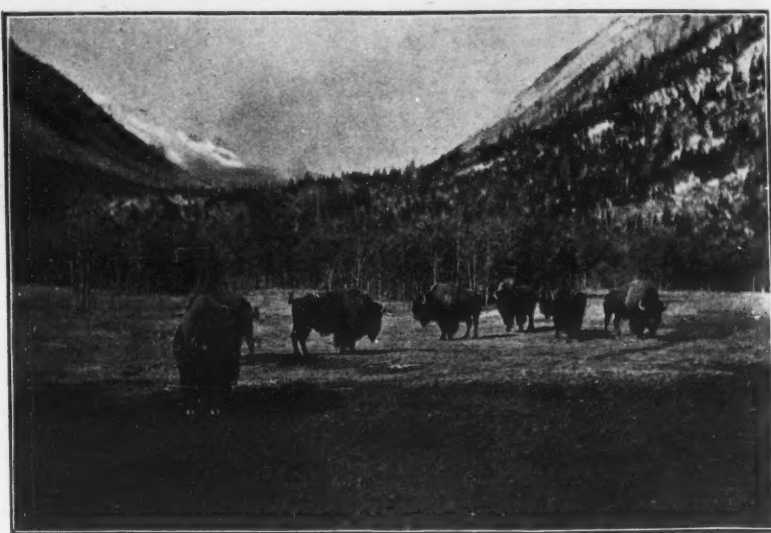
Since my previous visit to Calgary, two years ago, wonderful changes have been made—new buildings have sprung up, and the place is beginning to assume a most up-to-date aspect. The country is very thickly settled from Calgary to Edmonton, much to the dissatisfaction of the old and experienced ranchers, who have hitherto had unlimited space on which to herd their stock, thus avoiding the otherwise costly necessity of growing sufficient feed to carry the cows and calves over winter. In fact, things are fast reaching the point when the rancher can no longer have his cattle out all winter, for this absolutely requires a large tract of land on which the grazing stock may travel, sometimes to a distance of twenty miles. As the country becomes more thickly settled so will the ranchers' expenses increase.

The Bow River horse ranch, one of the largest on the continent, is adjacent to the town of Calgary. On the velvety banks of the rushing Bow River may be seen hundreds and hundreds of these sleek semi-wild creatures, and north, south, east and west are situated large cattle ranges. The valleys and bench lands produce a luxuriant and nutritious growth of native grasses, and until the present influx of settlers this hay was cheaply and easily secured for weak stock. With good management the profits to stockmen are large, \$40 and \$50 per head being paid for steers on the ranges. Large bands of young stock are annually brought in from Eastern Canada and the States to be fattened on the ranges, the profits being sufficiently large to amply pay for re-shipment after fattening to the European and Eastern markets. Dairying is carried on with great success—the country being preeminently fitted for it, to an unrivalled pasture being added an abundant supply of water and sheltering groves. During the summer the average for each cow is four and one-half gallons of milk per day.

The Calgary Fair to an Easterner is a most interesting event, such features as "Nitchee" (Indian) horse racing, bronco busting and Western feats of equestrianism being particularly enjoyable to the aged, however, and great dissatisfaction was prevalent owing to mistakes made in the sporting entries. Indians and cowboys travelled hundreds of miles to enter in the free-for-all race, which was cancelled at the last moment on account of insufficient gate receipts.

Calgary is almost surrounded by hills, which to the north reach a considerable height, and to the south-west are sufficiently low to allow the magnificent peaks of the Rockies to form a gorgeous background.

I left Calgary at six o'clock one delightful morning to make the trip through what is perhaps the most magnificent scenic panorama of the West, inasmuch as it embraces the gradual transition from the beautiful, rolling, verdure-clad prairie to the overwhelming and gorgeous magnificence of the Rocky Mountains. Leaving Calgary, we followed the Bow River for many miles, merging suddenly upon Morley, amongst the higher undulations of the foothills. Such a panoramic view as we beheld from Morley made me wish that all my friends could be there to enjoy it. Over half the horizon stretched these snow-clad giants, their peaks glowing in the morning sunlight, and their foliage-clad bases suffused by a haze of sombre indigo. Passing westward, and continuously upward, our next point of extraordinary interest was "the Gap." Here we seemed to arrive suddenly upon the very giants themselves, for after crossing a fine steel bridge which spans the Kananaskis River, a little above where it joins the Bow, we seemed to be running



Buffaloes in the Park at Banff.

swiftly towards an impenetrable barrier of great rock masses rising abruptly and streaked with snow and ice. The station called "the Gap" was soon reached, and puffing westward again we entered the gateway to the Rockies, which wasn't so very narrow after all, although apparently walled in by prodigious mountains, the upper halves of which are sheer perpendiculars and the lower parts steep slopes, on which cling a desperate

desperately to the mountain side on the left, while on our right there was a sheer drop of eight hundred feet, revealing the river below looking like a silver thread from our altitude. Away above could be seen the top of Mount Field, and over to the left the spires of "Cathedral Peak" and the blunt head of Mount Stephen—on the latter being a wondrous green glacier, which seems to hang over, and suggested to me something just

the great glacier itself, from which, at the left, Sir Donald rises, a naked and abrupt pyramid, to a height of a mile and a quarter above the railway. It is scarcely necessary to add that this stately monolith was named after Sir Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona), one of the chief promoters of the C. P. R.

Continuing the descent from the Glacier House, we reached The Loop, and after a succession of curves finally doubled back, and sweeping round to the right continued down the valley on a parallel with our former course. "Hill-lewaet" River was reached, and from there we continued westward past Albert canyon and Twin Butte to Revelstoke. Here I alighted, and indeed spent one of the most enjoyable periods of my trip. Revelstoke, on the Columbia River, is a distributing point from the main line to the Kootenay mining camps. The old town is fully a mile and a half further down the river from the present location, and to reach the post-office is no mean "after dinner constitutional." It was at Revelstoke that I was given the opportunity of a bear hunt, which terminated very successfully. It was necessary for us to ride up the trail some fourteen miles before we reached a locality where brown and cinnamon bears are numerous. My guide—a Swiss—and a previous acquaintance of a former visit, did not mention any such distance as the fourteen miles which we laboriously traversed, much to my growing consternation. I carried an up-to-date repeating Winchester, but my experience with big game has been so limited that were it not for the fact that I felt myself in first-class and thoroughly experienced hands I doubt if I should ever have entertained the project of a real

about to come down with a rush. Shooting under a tunnel, and gently curving round the mountain side, we showed up at Field. Here we had luncheon at the C. P. R.'s charming chalet, "Mount Stephen House." This hotel has been recently enlarged to meet the requirements of traffic. It is a glorious view that greets the eye from the verandah, embracing peaks, ravines and gi-



Valley of the Ten Peaks, near Raglan.

ciers, each of which is within easy access.

The trip from Field to Revelstoke is a succession of beauties. We stopped off at Glacier House, another of the C. P. R.'s superb hostleries, where we took dinner. The station and hotel at Glacier are within thirty minutes' walk of

bear hunt. As I have previously mentioned, we must have ridden over the rugged trail for many miles, when my companion, who was twenty yards in advance, suddenly stopped, and my horse acted very much as if he had made up his mind to jump into the ravine. He trembled so violently that I decided to



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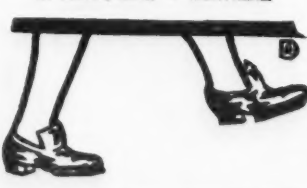
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W. CLARK, MFR., - MONTREAL.



stop-off over night at Sicamous Junction—a perfect spot, with a C. P. R. hotel on the shore of a lovely lake. Providing one precaution is taken, the traveller cannot but enjoy the delights offered here. This precaution is to keep behind or underneath mosquito netting, for the place is literally alive with these voracious pests, who attack in legions the unwary. Sicamous is the gateway to the beautiful Okanagan district, where considerable of the fruit supply of the West is obtained. Vernon is a charming spot, and the whole country is a veritable fairy land. On the lake shore, thirty-five miles from Vernon, Lord Aberdeen has a fine farm. He also has about 13,000 acres almost adjoining Vernon, employing an army of men and growing fruits of every kind that the temperate zone will produce.

From Vernon I journeyed to Kamloops, via Sicamous Junction. Kamloops is situated in what is known as the "Dry Belt," and possesses a climate most desirable to sufferers from pulmonary diseases. The town is on a beautiful lake, and grand old hills border the shores. The principal industry is grazing, since the hills provide a most nutritious "bunch-grass," and agriculture and fruit-growing flourish wherever irrigation is practicable. The country is now developing into a promising mining region, however, the product being principally gold and copper ores. It was at Kamloops that I first saw a Chinese baby. Chinese labor is employed here to a considerable extent, and there is quite a settlement of Orientals at the west end of the town. I counted as many as seven little yellow youngsters, but this was to be a very ordinary sight for me before I returned to the East, for at the coast the Chinks seem to be mixed up in pretty nearly everything except the local investment of their capital, which, I am told, in every case finds its way home to the Orient.

I left Kamloops for the British Columbia metropolis, and will have some interesting facts to relate about Vancouver, Victoria Island and the Kootenays next week. H. S. TIBBS, JR.

(To be Continued.)

"Yes, sir, my visit to New York convinces me it is one of the wickedest cities in the world." "What did you visit—the slums, or the smart set?"

One Hour and Thirty Minutes to Brantford via Grand Trunk.

This is the time of the Fast Express leaving Toronto 9.00 a.m. daily (except Sunday), arriving Brantford 10.30 a.m. via new Lynden cut off. Express leaves Brantford 1.30 p.m. daily (except Sunday) via same route, arriving Toronto 3.00 p.m. The arrival and departure time of these trains can be relied upon, as they do not wait for any connections and only make one stop, this being Hamilton. This fast service is very popular with the travelling public, especially commercial men, as they can leave Toronto in the morning, returning at 3.00 p.m., having three hours in Brantford. For tickets and information call at City Ticket Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.



THE appearance of the Coldstream Guards' Band in Massey Hall on September 7 and 8 will no doubt awaken a great deal of interest among the admirers of military band music in particular, and in musical circles generally. The band will play up to their full strength of forty-six members, under the direction of their talented leader, J. Mackenzie Rogan. The event will be the first occasion, it is said, on which a British regimental band has been given permission to come to Canada for the mere purpose of giving concerts. With the organization will be Miss Kathleen Howard, who is said to have a very attractive contralto voice and to be an accomplished vocalist.

Dorothy Hunting, the Canadian comic opera vocalist, is meeting with much success as Miss Bob White in the opera of that name by Willard Spencer. She has received much praise for the richness of her contralto voice, her fine stage presence and attractive bearing. There is a chance of the opera being heard in Toronto during the coming season.

The vivacious Fritz-Scheff, who delighted all musical Toronto on the occasion of her appearance here with the Grau Grand Opera Company at Massey Hall, is now the leading member of an opera company bearing her name. Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith are composing a new opera for her, and the "little devil," as Paderewski once dubbed her, will commence rehearsals as soon as she arrives at New York, about September 1. The leading basso of the company will be Mr. Eugene Cowles, whose sonorous voice has so often impressed opera-goers here. William Castleman, once with the Bostonians, will be the chief tenor.

Writing about "Der Evangelist," Kienzl's opera, which has been meeting with much success in Berlin, Mr. Huneker characterizes it as a German Salvation Army grand opera, which might appeal because of its psalm singing. "The composer," he says, "is really an accomplished musician. He has every trick of instrumentation, every trait of modulation and progressive musical narrative at his fingers' ends. He owns an admirable memory, and one he never ceases exercising, hence his commanding in the score of every composer from Bach to Mascagni. He writes fluently and agreeably for the voice, and in purely lyric episodes is more successful than with tragic moments, where he leans too heavily upon Wagner. You can hear almost the entire 'Ring' parts of 'Tristan and Isolde,' and much of 'Der Meistersinger' for the price of one admission. This may have helped to make the opera so popular in Berlin."

Mr. George D. Atkinson has resigned his position as organist and choir-master of Wesley Methodist church of this city to accept a similar position in Dundas street Center Methodist church of London, Ontario. For some years Mr. Atkinson has been teaching in the very successful local teachers and musicians, being connected with the staff of the Toronto College of Music and St. Andrew's College, besides having a large private class. Mr. Atkinson carries with him the good wishes of a large circle of Toronto friends, especially as Dundas street is considered to be one of the most important positions in Ontario.

The indications are that there will be a plentiful supply of choral music during the coming season. The Toronto Festival Chorus of 350 voices, the Mendelssohn Choir of over 200, the Male Chorus Club of 100, the Carlton Chorus of 100, and the National Chorus of 650, and the Toronto Chorus, with a membership not yet determined, have all announced their intention to give public concerts. Whatever may be the status of orchestral music in this city, it cannot be said that choral music is neglected. One can only hope that amid this multiplication of vocal societies there will not be shown a disposition to continue in the old rut of conventional and time-worn compositions. A regular supply of novelties of the best class, or of standard works that have not been produced here, is what the musical public have a reasonable right to demand of the societies that seek their patronage in the material shape of dollars and cents for seats.

St. James' Hall, London, the famous home of the Monday and Saturday concerts, made memorable by Joachim, Patti, Webb, Ries, Ludwig Strauss, Lady Halle, Sir Charles Halle, Mme. Schumann, Sims Reeves and numerous other great artists, is to be demolished next June. The huge metropolis will want, consequently, a new concert hall available for orchestral purposes, as there will remain only the Queen's Hall for the purpose. Albert Hall, which seats ten thousand people, is altogether too big for symphony concerts.

The following laughable blunder was made by a London (Eng.) journal in its account of a suburban performance of the "Elijah." "Without a doubt Mendelssohn reserved his finest efforts, apart from the concerted numbers, for the character of the Prophet; the envy and often despair of every ambitious baritone. Mr. H— sang the music with splendid appreciation of its possibilities. His delivery of 'Who May Abide,' with its succeeding 'For he is like a refiner's fire,' was particularly good, and a warm encore was the result." A neat this "Musical Times" asked: "Who may abide such inaccuracy?"

The Rev. G. Husband of St. Michael's, Folkestone, is not in favor of Gregorian tones. About six months ago he spoke with such decision on the subject that he must have excited the ire of those who cultivate this Old World style in their churches. He admitted that in the sixth century Gregorian music was a step in the right direction, but maintained that the system was inconsistent with the present developed state of the

quartette, a pianoforte trio, a pianoforte concerto, two violin romances, a suite, "Hans Andersen," and several other orchestral compositions.

Dr. F. H. Torrington, director of the Toronto College of Music, has returned to town, and will be at the College in Pembroke street daily to test and classify vocal and instrumental students.

It is good news to hear that Mme. Schumann-Heink, the gifted contralto, will revisit Toronto during the coming season. She is at present booked for forty-five concerts in the United States and Canada.

Among famous artists who are expected in America this winter, Alfred Reisenauer, solo pianist, who is said to be the equal of D'Albert, Rosenthal and Sauer, and Jacques Thibaud, a French violinist, who is being much talked about, and who first attracted attention by his extraordinary playing at the Cafe Rouge in the Quartier Latin, Paris.

Dr. Hans Richter does not believe in making music too easy. He objects to editions in which the Bach fugues, for example, are printed in notes with big and small heads, or with notes of different colors, so as to make it easy to pursue the theme in the different voices. Mr. Fink of New York thinks that Richter is wrong. He says that music is such an extremely difficult art that anything that makes it easier is to be welcomed cordially, and that plenty of difficulties remain to conquer and to develop the mental or bodily muscle of the students.

While opera has been getting profitable in London, there is a general complaint that concerts do not pay. The London "Times" declares that, speaking generally, concerts do not pay because of the average mediocrity of the performers and the performances, and because of the staid conventionalism of the programme—and not a little because of their length. But it is suggested that the root of the evil lies in the fact that too many concerts are given by persons who have no claim to the title of artists. The "Times" proposes that instead of the general license there should be licenses. "Were the police or the London County Council to forbid unlicensed concert-givers, as they forbid unlicensed cab-drivers, the meritorious and the deserving would come to their own." When it is known that the total receipts for a concert held not long ago in St. James' Hall amounted to \$11, it will be admitted that something is wrong with the concert system of the metropolis.

Edward Barton, vocalist and teacher, who spent the summer vacation in New York city, has returned to Toronto. Teachers of singing and directors of oratorio whom he visited pronounced his singing excellent and valuable, and predicted a brilliant future for him as an oratorio artist. Mr. Barton's enquiries convinced him that his method of voice training is used by the best vocal teachers in New York. Applications for free vocal scholarships should be sent in at once. The address will be found in our advertising columns.

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The following laughable blunder was made by a London (Eng.) journal in its account of a suburban performance of the "Elijah." "Without a doubt Mendelssohn reserved his finest efforts, apart from the concerted numbers, for the character of the Prophet; the envy and often despair of every ambitious baritone. Mr. H— sang the music with splendid appreciation of its possibilities. His delivery of 'Who May Abide,' with its succeeding 'For he is like a refiner's fire,' was particularly good, and a warm encore was the result." A neat this "Musical Times" asked: "Who may abide such inaccuracy?"

The Rev. G. Husband of St. Michael's, Folkestone, is not in favor of Gregorian tones. About six months ago he spoke with such decision on the subject that he must have excited the ire of those who cultivate this Old World style in their churches. He admitted that in the sixth century Gregorian music was a step in the right direction, but maintained that the system was inconsistent with the present developed state of the

art, and that in "using Gregorian chants and hymn tunes we were offering to God music in its worst and most undeveloped form." Of course the old tones in which these chants and hymns are cast present the art in its cradle, but it is this very antiquity which forms its sanctity in the eyes of many churchmen of conservative tendencies.

The distinguished violinist M. Jacques Thibaud was engaged for a Colonne concert in Paris in February last, but, finding from his programme that he was set down to play a Mozart concerto and some Bach solos between the second and third parts of Schumann's "Faust," he wrote to M. Colonne stating that while he would be ready to fulfill his engagement to play, respect for his art would not allow him to be thus sandwiched between two parts of so colossal a work as Schumann's "Faust." No change was made. M. Thibaud did not appear, and a notice was distributed with the programme merely to the effect that he had failed to keep his engagement. His letters to M. Colonne explaining his action were, however, published in "Le Monde Musical." As M. Thibaud will perhaps appear in this city, the item is of interest as denoting his attitude towards the art in general.

The Miracle of Smell.

ABOUT the sense of smell little is as yet known, writes Dr. J. G. McPherson in a London paper. How can the various scents be discriminated? By training dogs can detect them very accurately. Oil of cloves can be detected with one part in 88,000 of water by trained men, whereas, the average of females can only detect smell in the solution with one part in 50,000 of water. Men have been able to detect the fatty smell of prussic acid in a solution with one part in two million parts of water. No chemical test could detect this.

The faculty of scent is very acute in certain insects. If a virgin female of the moth known as *Saturia Carpini* is shut up in a box, males of the same species will trace her out for a mile through the multi-colored air of the wood. But the scent of dogs seems to eclipse all in its marvelous results. The late Dr. J. Romanus gave to the scientific world the results of some interesting experiments which he made to ascertain the character of the intensely developed sense of smell in some dogs. He had a remarkable terrier, which showed the almost supernatural capabilities of this sense. Even when the London parks were swarming with pedestrians, and the terrier was having its own conversation with some other dog, he would zigzag about and hide the animal would go to the place where it had been seen its master, and there, picking up the scent, would track his footsteps over all the meanderings he had made until it reached his retreat with joy.

Now comes the interesting question. "What is the source of the scent?" Is the dog guided by some distinctive smell attaching to its master's shoes, by any distinctive smell of its master's feet, or by both of these differences combined? By careful experiments it has been shown that a sensitive dog will follow the track of a man who is wearing its master's boots, and will reject the track of its master who has on strange boots. If a layer of stiff brown paper is glued to the soles and sides of the usual shooting boots the dog will not follow its master's track; but when the paper gets worn through at the heel and the boot touches the ground the scent is caught at once and speedily followed up.

There is an odor conveyed through the air to dogs from the person which can be detected even up to distances of two hundred yards; but experiments in that line are very difficult of verification. All know the wonderful power a pug has in detecting by scent where a bit of biscuit has been hidden in the draughting-room—for that animal's whole life seems concentrated upon the gratification of its stomach—and the all-absorbing passion of a terrier at a ditch where rats abound. It looks all excitement, impossible to be restrained. A rabbit may cross a main road and a sensitive dog, coming a good while afterwards, will bolt off at once to search for its prize.

How infinitely minute must be the particles that emanate from the object which the dog is tracking! Yet matter is extremely divisible. The tenth part of a grain of musk will continue for years to fill a room with its odoriferous particles, and at the end of that time will not be appreciably diminished in weight by the finest balance. Still, though matter is so marvellously divisible, the olfactory nerves are infinitely more sensitive. The aborigines of Peru can, in the darkest night, and in the thickest woods, distinguish respectively a white man, a negro, and one of their own race by the smell. Much we have gained by civilization; but not without some loss to our bodily energies and senses.

Women in Russia.

MR. JAMES BURNS contributes to the "Westminster Review" an interesting paper on the position of women in Russia before and after marriage. As a daughter the Russian woman is under the absolute sway of her parents. Her coming of age makes no alteration in her position. Until the day of her death, if she remain unmarried, the place she occupies in the family life is a place of dependence upon the will of her parents. The power which they can exercise over her, too, is of the most unqualified description. However harsh her treatment may be there is for her no redress. If her conduct proves displeasing to her parents, they can, without any judicial process, have her detained in a house of correction, or sent to a monastery. Even after marriage the will of the father pursues the daughter. If he is sick, he can summon her home to nurse him; while if his wife dies he may claim her assistance as his housekeeper for three months. If her husband dies, he can command her to return to the parental roof, and he becomes by law the guardian of her children. No daughter can marry without the parents' consent, though where the daughter possesses property an appeal can be made to the civil authority if the consent of the parents is withheld. When a woman marries, she changes the authority of parents for the no less

unqualified authority of husband. As the Russian statute suggestively puts it, "one person cannot reasonably be expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as that of husband and parent." The unlimited power of the parent is therefore withdrawn, and that of the husband substituted. She cannot leave him even to visit a neighboring town without a "pass" from him. He names the time she is permitted to stay, and at the expiry of the term she is bound to return, or get it renewed. A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not permitted to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence is regarded also as of less weight than that of a man. "When two witnesses do not agree," the code runs, "the testimony of an adult outweighs that of a child, and the testimony of a man that of a woman."

According to the peasant's proverb, "Seven women have only one soul," while another declares that "a woman has no soul at all, but only a vapor." As to a woman's intelligence, the sterner sex disposes of it thus: "Her hair is long, but the mind is short." There is no such law in Russia as that of primogeniture. At the death of the owner, the property is divided equally amongst the sons. If there are no male heirs, it is divided equally amongst the daughters, the mother receiving one-seventh of the real estate and one-fourth of the personal property. Women in Russia, too, are mistress of their own fortune, and still retain control over it when they marry. They even have a voice in the selection of members of the municipal council and county assembly. They cannot exercise the franchise themselves, but are represented at the polls by a male friend or relative. No real advancement in the position of the women in Russia can be expected, however, until the means of education are increased.

Goin' Barefoot.

It's more fun goin' barefoot than anythin' I know. There ain't a single nother thing that helps yer feelin' so. Some days I stay in my mudder's room a-gettin' in her way; An' when I've bothered her so much, she sez, "Oh, run an' play barefoot." I say, "Kin I go barefoot?" En she says, "If y' choose." Nen I alwuz want'er holler when I'm pullin' off my shoes.

It's fun a-goin' barefoot when yer playin' any game. 'Cause robbers would be noisy an' Indians awful tame. Unless they had their shoes off when they creep up in the night, An' folks can't know they're comin' till they get right close in sight. An' I'm surely goin' barefoot every day when I get old. An' haven't got a nurse to say I'll catch my death o' cold!

An' if yer goin' barefoot yer want t' go outdoors— Y' can't stretch out an' dig yer heels in stupid hardwood floors. Like you kin dig 'em in the dirt; An' where th' long grass grows blades feel kinder tickley and cool between yer toes.

So when I'm pullin' off my shoes I'm mighty 'frail I'll catch my death o' cold. 'Cause then I know m'd stop me 'fore I get my stockin' off!

If y' often go round barefoot there's lots o' things to know— Of how t' curl yer feet on stones, so they don't hurt yer toes. An' when th' grass is stickley an' prickly y' at a touch Jes' plunk yer feet down solid, an' it lase me my hat m'd every day. I wish I did my shoes— Er else I wish I was so poor I hadn't none to lose!

—Burgess Johnson in "Harper's Magazine."

Casey—Kelly hasn't th' price av a drink. Costigan—How do yer know that? Casey—He ain't drinkin'.

—Judge.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Parker are on their way across the ocean for a visit of some weeks in the Old Country.

The fete champetre, which was the concern of the Wardites and their friends at the east end of the Island on Monday evening, was a huge success. The booths and grab-bags did a roaring trade, and soon everything was sold out. The evening ended with a most enjoyable concert, and the Humane Society is a good many dollars to the good.

Mr. Irving H. Cameron has returned from England, where he went this season on business connected with university federation. I hear his mission has been most cordially recognized by the great English universities, and no end of benefit will accrue to our students by the determination come to in regard to interchange of students without any loss of status.

Dr. and Mrs. Price Brown are on a visit to the West of a fortnight's duration. Dr. and Mrs. Burritt have returned from their vacation trip. Dr. Garraff is one of the handsomest sailors on the lake, and is enjoying many a trip on the "Beaver." Dr. James McLeod is settled at the Touraine, Buffalo. Dr. Margaret Gordon is back from a trip to Muskoka. Dr. and Mrs. Malone of Frankfort are visiting relatives in Huron street. Dr. Borley and Dr. Shidler of South Bend, Indiana, have been visiting friends in town. Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding went to Detroit, where Mrs. Scadding returned yesterday. Dr. Norman McLeod has returned from Muskoka very much benefited by his visit. Dr. and Mrs. Wilber Spaulding have returned from a three weeks' cruise by canoe on the rivers of the Georgian Bay. Dr. Reeve is returning from England next week.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Edna Brenton of Toronto and Rev. Thomas W. Goodwill of Lynden Place, Charlotte-town, P.E.I., is arranged to take place next month.

Mrs. J. W. Leonard of Winnipeg is visiting her sister in Markham street.

I have heard that one of the most spacious and delightful houses in Toronto will be vacant during the absence of its mistress for a year or more, and intending sojourners in Toronto will find themselves in luck if they secure it "just as it is," elegantly furnished and in perfect order.

Miss Annie Elliott left yesterday for Vancouver, where she will join Chief Justice and Mrs. Sifton on a trip to San Francisco.

The Hunt Club was the usual gay scene on Saturday evening. A large number of the habitués dined there as usual, and a very excellent dinner it was. After dinner a visitor in Toronto, Mr. Allen of Winnipeg, played some smart "rag time," at which he is unusually clever. Among the guests at the Club were: Lady Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout, Mrs. Walter Ridout, Mrs. Bronley Davenport, Mrs. Cotton of Halifax, Miss Coen of Chicago, Captain Van Traubenzie, Mr. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. George Carruthers, Mr. and Miss Athol Boulton, Mr. McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser MacDonald, Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh, Mr. James Grace, Mrs. Holloway, Mr. Hills and a number of others. A special car brought the party directly home.

The grand "shoot" at the Woodbine finished on Saturday, leaving a very tired lot of gunners after four days of constant "popping." In all, I am told, 37,000 shots were fired. Mr. George Carruthers, who came down from Winnipeg for the "shoot," won several prizes and a "cup."

Mr. and Mrs. R. Dawson Harling are spending the balance of their summer holidays at Morinus, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. D. H. McKay, 19 Gloucester street, when his niece, Miss Constance Genevieve Gibbs, was married to Mr. John Cecil Hamilton, B.A., barrister, of Listowel. The bridesmaid was the bride's cousin, Miss McKay. Mr. W. Clinie, B.A., Listowel, was groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton left on the evening train for a fortnight's trip to the Kawartha Lakes, after which they will reside in Listowel.

Mrs. John McLaren and Miss McLaren, formerly of Mount Forest, are visiting Mrs. Fred Smith of St. Patrick street.

The party of artists who left Toronto on the 10th instant to give a series of concerts up the Muskoka Lakes for the benefit of the Free Hospital for Consumptives, situated in Muskoka, have returned home after a most delightful and successful trip. The points visited were the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, Gravenhurst; the Royal Muskoka, Lake Rosseau; Windsor Hotel, Bala; Windermere House, Windermere; and Beaumaris Hotel, Beaumaris. Crowded houses—at some points overflowing to verandahs and lawns—greeted the company at every point. How thoroughly everyone enjoyed the programme of the company, consisting of Mr. Donald McGregor, Mrs. Ernest Payne (Lilli Kleiser), Miss Mae Dickenson, Miss Ruth MacKidd, and Miss Muriel Robertson, was in evidence in the many encores insisted upon at each and every concert. Mr. J. S. Robertson, secretary National Sanitarium Association, and Mrs. Robertson, accompanied the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins of St. George street, who have been guests at the Park Avenue Hotel, New York, for the past week, have returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Stephen J. Cox and Miss Grand of New York are visiting their aunt, Miss Willcock, at Phyllis House, Center Island.

Miss Marie Wheeler has resigned her position as head vocal teacher at Albert College, Belleville, and soprano soloist of Bridge street Methodist church of that city, which positions she has held for the past two years, and has been appointed on the vocal staff of teachers of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

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Her many friends will be pleased to learn of this change, as she may again be heard in some of our leading church choirs and on the concert platform.

Another gay week has come and gone at Niagara-on-the-Lake, bringing with it many new people, taking very few, for everyone has come to stay this summer, and this charming little resort is growing steadily in popularity. The Queen's Royal becomes naturally the center of activity about which all the summer's gaieties revolve, the most important factor being the Golf Club. The Golf Club is the favorite rendezvous of all the smart people summering here. Friday and Saturday saw the foursome competition for the prizes offered by the vice-president of the club, Mrs. Cox, which were finally won by Miss Martha Winnett and Dr. Crawford, after an exciting final, in which they played Mrs. Gus Burritt of Toronto and A. Mixson of Boston, Pa. On Thursday evening an informal dance was the attraction at the Casino, the very jolly one Wednesday evening having increased rather than satisfied the enthusiasm of the dance craze victims. Saturday afternoon Mrs. Godfrey, who is on pension at Mrs. Malcolm's, was the hostess of a small "clock-golf" in honor of Miss McGaw, who left Monday for Muskoka. At the Niagara Club the pretty prize was won by Miss McGaw herself, which was served on the lawn. These little teas at the Club have become very popular, scarcely a day passing that someone does not entertain. The Saturday evening dance in the Casino was crowded as usual. A very delightful tea was given by Mrs. Cox at the club-house on Monday afternoon, when the beautiful prizes for the four-some were presented to Miss Martha Winnett and Dr. Crawford. Among those present were: Mrs. Hees, Mrs. Peyton Clark, Mrs. McLean, Miss McLean, Miss Lloyd, Miss Ogilvie, Miss Fieselman, Miss Hunsdale, Mr. Clark, Lieutenant Halpin, Mr. Waters, among the many Pittsburgh people at the Queen's Royal are Mr. and Mrs. Martin. Mr. Martin is a most enthusiastic golfer, and has made the record on both golf links, while Mrs. Martin charms everyone with her very beautiful voice. The bowling tournament is now in full swing on the greens of the Queen's Royal, clubs from all over the country competing. In spite of this, golf still holds its own, play for the cup offered by the president, Mrs. Lionel Clark, beginning on Wednesday. Next week the international tennis tournament will be the center of the stage. The entry is the largest on record, including the famous Doherty brothers.

A pretty wedding took place on Saturday, August 15, 1903, at the residence of the bride's mother, 156 Bleeker street, when Miss Olive Beatrice McDonald, daughter of the late J. A. McDonald, of the Inland Revenue Department, was united in marriage to Mr. William A. Cates. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. Faircloth of Sherbourne street Methodist church. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. J. J. Main, looked charming in a travelling suit of navy blue broadcloth, with blouse of white silk applique and hat to match. The bridesmaid, Miss L. Gibson of Walkerton, was dressed in pale blue crepe de chine with trimmings of white silk applique. Mr. E. Cates, brother of the groom, was best man. The wedding march was played by Miss M. McDonald, sister of the bride, who wore pale pink crepe de chine. The house was profusely decorated with palms and flowers. After the ceremony the guests partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast. The wedding presents were very beautiful and useful. After many congratulations and well wishes Mr. and Mrs. Cates left on the five o'clock train for Belmont Lake, where they will spend their honeymoon, and on their return will reside at 379 Ontario street.

The engagement of Miss Ethel Irene Kent of Kingston and Captain Herbert Dawson, R.M.C. staff, is announced. They will be married the 2nd of next month.

Dr. and Mrs. Gordon McLean have returned to the city, after holidaying a month at Ronville, Lake of Bays.

Mrs. Thane Hudson of Gerard street east is visiting Mrs. Frank Green at her summer cottage, "Mauchegun," Jackson's Point, for a few weeks.

Miss Georgie MacDonald has returned from The Grove, Beaconsfield, Que.

Miss Stackhouse, 160 King street west, accompanied by Miss McEachren, has just returned from a business trip to New York.

A very beautiful jewelry catalogue has come under my notice from the firm of John Wanless & Co., manufacturing jewelers of Yonge street. A visit to their shop results in a delight to the artistic soul, and their work and selection of fine gems is very elegant. Some exquisite little matchboxes in dull silver,

SHEA'S THEATER

MATINEES DAILY
Matinees.....25c.
Evenings.....25 & 50.

WEEK OF AUG. 24

WILL REOPEN WITH HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE.

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The Transfigurator.

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Novelty Dancers.

TOM LEWIS & SAM J. RYAN
Presenting "The Wireless Telephone."

ARTIE HALL
The Genuine Georgian Girl.

STANLEY & WILSON
"Before the Fall."

BEATRICE MORELAND
In an Amusing Monologue.

HUMES & LEWIS
Comedy Acrobats.

THE KINETOGRAPH
With Interesting Views.

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ORIENTAL RUGS
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with a sea wave and flying fish design, some beautiful charms and pins, in designs set with pearls and diamonds—all sorts of original ideas are beautifully carried out in the workrooms of John Wanless & Co.

Some very smart and becoming blouses have been turned out for a handsome bride by Miss Franklin of 11 Richmond street west during the past week. One of Mexican drawn work, let in in panels, was particularly stylish. I believe it is impossible to purchase the drawn work in strips, but when a bride will she finds a way. This one bought sideboard scarves with drawn work ends in sufficient numbers to trim her blouse.

"At the Exhibition."

A magnificent and unique display of gorgeous Oriental rugs, carpets, portieres, etc., will be presented by Courian, Babayan & Co. in the new Women's building at the Dominion Exhibition.

A Notable Sale.

The Kennedy estate, consisting of 350 valuable building lots, situated at West Toronto Junction, will be offered and sold by C. M. Henderson & Co. at the Occidental Hotel, West Toronto Junction.

This property is to be offered en bloc, and if not disposed of this way will be sold in detail.

This is a fine opportunity to prospective investors. The terms of sale are: 10 per cent. at time of purchase and balance in 10 years at 5 per cent., payable half-yearly.

A lunch will be served to intending purchasers. Full particulars may be had by applying to Thomas F. Meagher, Esq., 150 Mutual street.

The Queen's Royal Hotel
NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Winnett & Thompson, Proprietors.

Opened for business June 9th. Special rates for June. New casino, new golf links, and greatly improved in every way.

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PRESTON SPRINGS, ONTARIO.

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Hanlan's Point, Toronto Island

Is now open for the reception of guests. For rates apply to R. D. TURQUAND.

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Canada's Greatest Summer Resort

LAKEVIEW HOTEL—\$7.00 to \$10.00 per week, \$2.00 per day.

PARK HOUSE—\$5.00 to \$7.00 per week, \$1.25 per day.

LAWN BOWLING, TENNIS, BATHING, BOATING.

Concerts, Lectures, Moving Pictures

Steamer City of Owen Sound leaves Yonge Street Wharf every day except Saturday at 8 a.m., on Saturday at 2 p.m. Returning leaves Grimsby Park at 5 p.m.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

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Srs. LAKESIDE and GARDEN CITY

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Toronto-Montreal Line

June 1, STEAMER TORONTO leaves Toronto 4 p.m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays; on and after June 12 daily, except Sundays, for Charlotte (port of Rochester), Thousand Islands, running the Rapids to Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River.

Saturday to Monday Excursion

Commences Saturday, June 6, for Charlotte (Port of Rochester), Kingston, Clayton, N.Y., Thousand Islands, Brockville and Prescott, and every Saturday thereafter during season.

Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal Line.

Steamers leave Toronto 7.30 p.m. Mondays and Thursdays till June 6; on and after June 9 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Bay of Quinte, Montreal and intermediate ports. Low rates on this line.

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Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

UPPER LAKE SERVICE

During Season of Navigation Upper Lake Steamships "Alberta," "Athabasca" and "Mantoba" will leave OWEN SOUND Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5.30 p.m., after arrival of Steamship Express leaving Toronto at 1.30 p.m. Connections will be made at Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur and Fort William for all points west.

A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. General Passenger Agent,
1 King St. East, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

\$24.75 Toronto to Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinaw
Train leaving Toronto 8.35 a.m. makes connection at Collingwood with Northern Navigation Company's steamers every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

\$18.75 Toronto to Sault Ste. Marie and Return
Via Sarnia and North-West Transportation Company. Steamers leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. This is the best time of the season for a trip through the Upper Lakes.

The above rates include meals and berths on steamers.

9.00 a.m. FAST EXPRESS DAILY, except Sunday, for BRANTFORD, via new route, arriving 10.30 a.m. Express leaves Brantford 1.30 p.m. daily, except Sunday, arriving Toronto 3.00 p.m. One hour and thirty minutes run. Arrival and departure time absolutely reliable.

Sufferers from Hay Fever should take a trip to Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays or Georgian Bay, as the refreshing climate and pure air is a sure cure. For tickets and information call at City Ticket Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets (Phone—Main 4293).

Shirt Waists

More in Demand Than Ever

The Shirt Waist for the coming season has the new long shoulder and loose blousing adaptation, and is unique and peculiarly smart. It is essentially different from the former styles of past seasons.

Miss Franklin has returned from New York with an extensive variety of newest creations in the above and will be pleased to see her many friends at patrons at her parlors.

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All treatments given by appointment. Office hours 10—12 a.m., 1.30—3 p.m. Consultation free.

Office Phone—Main 3642.
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N.B.—Out of the city during July. Office open for those who desire to make arrangements to begin treatment on my return the first Monday in August.

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I do any kind of painting that can be done in the very best way and at the lowest prices consistent with honest work. Graining and decorating, too. The latter is my specialty, and if you will entrust your next order to me I will give you satisfaction.

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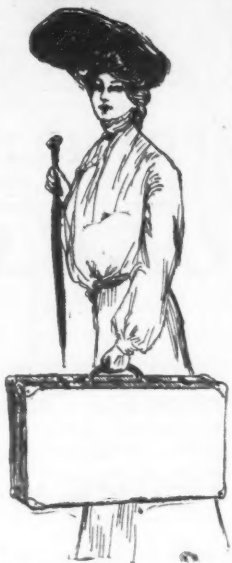
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WEIGHT 4 POUNDS.

The regular case weighs 8 to 12 pounds.

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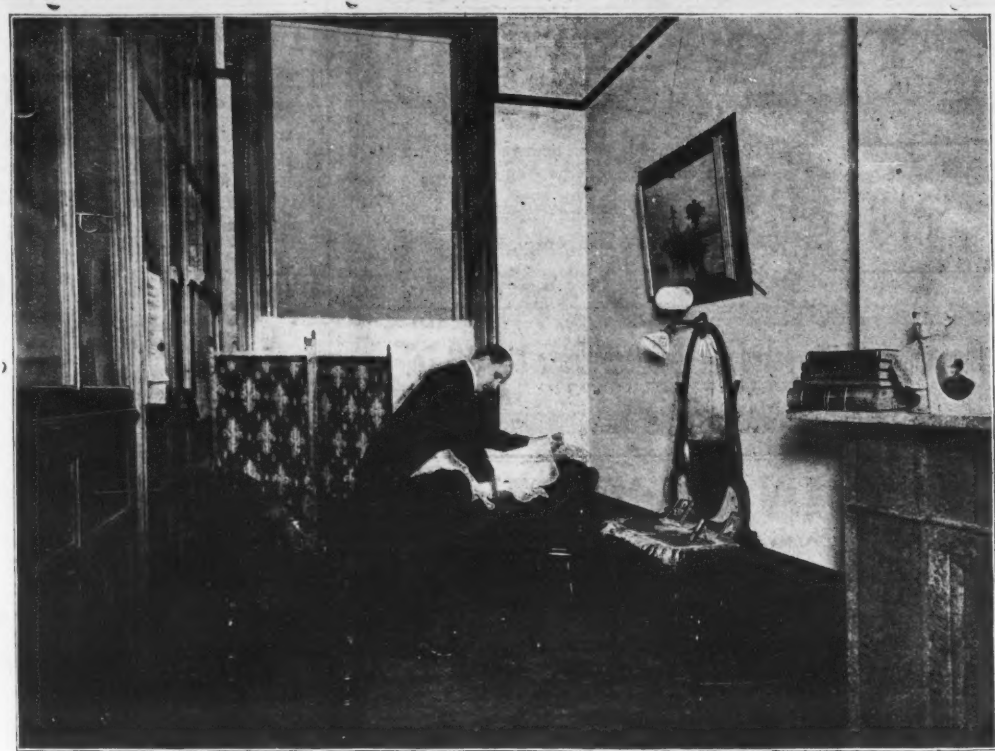
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Social and Personal.

Following is the list of arrivals at Royal Muskegon Hotel, Lake Rousseau, for week ending August 14th: Mr. J. S. Robertson and wife, Miss Mae Dickenson, Mrs. E. Paine, Miss Ruth Mackie, Mr. Donald MacGregor, Miss Muriel Robertson, Toronto; Mr. E. E. Moore and wife, Mr. F. Flannigan and wife, Chicago; Mr. C. J. Beir and wife, Rochester; Miss C. R. Beir, Rochester, N.Y.; Mr. J. Davenport and wife, Bath, N.Y.; Mr. S. B. Sharpe, Kingston, N.Y.; Mr. S. Nettie, wife and child, St. Catharines, Mich.; A. Lambertson, Winona, Minn.; Mrs. B. R. McArthur, Mount Clemens, Mich.; Miss McArthur, Mrs. T. Wendt, Mount Clemens, Mich.; Mrs. A. Honie, Miss Honie, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. M. Lorne, Mr. J. Bally, Jr., Mr. O. W. Edwards, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. W. E. Keeler, Cincinnati; Mr. W. A. Collins and wife, New Orleans; Mr. C. L. Reynold and wife, Miss Reynold, Mr. D. L. Reynold, Mr. L. Reynold, Miss A. Gruff, Toledo, O.; Mr. H. R. Tudhope and wife, Orillia; Mr. E. H. Collins, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mr. C. F. Hutchins and wife, Miss Hutchins, Mr. C. Hutchins, Boston; Mr. J. A. Sender and wife, Chicago; Mr. Miller, wife and son, Miss May Irwin, New York; Mr. R. Barber and wife, Georgetown; Miss L. Huggan, Miss E. Burling, Lindsay; Mr. W. R. Henders, Peterborough; Mr. G. H. Story and wife, New York; Miss E. A. Danily, Brooklyn; Mr. C. R. Anderson and wife, Danville, Ky.; Mr. W. C. Anderson, Danville, Ky.; Mr. S. N. Fleet, New York; Mr. N. N. Pill and wife, Richmond, Ind.; Miss W. E. Foster, New Britain, Conn.; Mr. W. F. McClellan, Buffalo; Miss Earl, Pittsburgh; Miss P. Burk, Toronto; Mrs. A. Cameron, Miss A. Cameron, Washington, D.C.; Mr. A. Bayne, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. J. P. Jones, Mr. J. F. Monahan, Rochester; Mr. K. Lonsdale and wife, Chicago; Miss N. C. Cosby, Miss Cosby, North Carolina; Mr. L. Bacon and wife, New York; Mr. A. C. Neff, Toronto; Mr. E. Martin, Hamilton; Mr. A. N. Nathanson and wife, Philadelphia; Mr. I. J. Platt and wife, Hamilton; Mr. J. H. Agnew and wife, Medina, N.Y.; Mr. F. C. McIntyre, Toronto; Mr. H. Ould, Mr. P. Ould and wife, Mrs. W. B. Soundell, Baltimore; Mrs. E. H. Converse, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. C. E. Converse, Burlington, Vt.; Mr. H. C. McLean, Toronto; Mr. H. B. Clark, Mr. H. B. Bellers, Chicago; Mr. R. V. Marshall, Mr. C. A. Cunningham, Freeport, Pa.; Mrs. J. P. Martin, Miss Moore, Miss Snyder, Miss Hughes, Waterloo, Ont.; Mrs. C. F. Consend, Mr. E. J. Runion, Washington; Mr. G. A. McClelland and wife, Indianapolis; Mrs. L. McClelland, Cedarville; Mr. R. W. Harbison, Pittsburgh; Mr. J. Somers and wife, Miss A. Somers, New York; Miss Bertha Hall, Miss Eleanor Hall, Detroit; Mr. J. Mason and wife, Miss Mason, Miss A. Mason, Toronto; Mr. T. C. Barclay and wife, Mr. F. W. Barclay, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. E. A.



OSTEOPATHY

The basic principle of Osteopathy is that if the human organism is in perfect health every body tissue and structure performs its part without interruption, the body structure representing the frame work upon which the other tissues of the body are built and to which they are attached. Hence Osteopathy makes use of the bone framework in establishing landmarks for physical examination and as a means of restoring misplaced parts of the body. Hence the bones become the basis of operative manipulation, so that Osteopathic manipulation is not to cure the bones, but represents the medium of therapeutic operation, just as water is the medium through which heat and cold are applied therapeutically in hydrotherapy.

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McGeagh, Miss M. McGeagh, Mr. A. C. McGeagh, Mr. F. H. McGeagh, Mr. J. F. McGeagh, Pittsburgh; Mr. J. M. Crawford and wife, Cincinnati; Mr. J. D. Crawford and wife, Menomonee, Mich.; Miss E. Beauman, Mr. J. Crawford, Cincinnati; Mr. J. H. Bickford, Toronto; Mr. A. G. Fox and wife, Miss A. Fox, Mr. A. H. Fox, New York; Mr. W. J. Southam, Hamilton; Mrs. J. McKay, Mr. E. M. McKay, Pittsburgh; Miss Grace Githens, Alpena, Mich.; Miss F. Drake, Conning, N.Y.; Miss H. Drake, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. A. B. Coleman, Toronto; Mr. F. C. Mockerthe and wife, Miss A. Mockerthe, Mr. F. Mockerthe, and Miss L. Mockerthe, Cincinnati; Mr. R. H. Cunningham, Mr. H. A. Davidson, Stubbingsville, O.

At the Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs are: Mr. B. W. Gill, London; Mr. Thomas Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Bennett, Mr. E. Gledhill, of Toronto; Mr. James E. Costellan of London, Mr. A. A. Dickson of Brantford, Mr. Matthew Duncan of Owen Sound, Mr. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Mooney, of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Vogan of Dayton, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Reid, Messrs. G. D. Ball, T. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Armo, of Toronto; Mr. H. L. Reed of St. George, Mr. T. M. Mornon of St. George, Miss Mary Henderson, Mr. William Campbell, Mr. R. O. Halby, of Toronto; Mr. A. E. Byers and wife of Lindsay, Mr. Charles Chown of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Curry, Miss Ruth Curry, Master Walter Curry, Mr. W. W. Davidson, of Toronto; Mr. William P. Bailey of Guelph, Mr. W. Mills of Toronto, Mr. T. R. Guild of Rockwood, Mr. E. Dore, Mr. H. J. Hicky, of Hamilton; Mr. G. E. Weir of Dresden, Mr. A. Mann of Watford, Miss and Miss M. Thorburn of Toronto.

The marriage of Mr. Percy C. H. Papps of Toronto and Miss Josephine Hammond Stegman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Stegman, formerly of Carlton street, Toronto, and now citizens of Chatham, Ontario, was solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents, in Victoria avenue, on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. T. Beverley Smith, rector of Holy Trinity church, North Chatham, officiating. Mr. Smith was also a Torontonian, and curate of St. Peter's, the Stegman family church, where he was immensely popular. Mr. Tom Stegman, jr., and Dr. Charles Duggan of Oil Springs ushered the guests. Miss Reine Stegman attended her sister as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Florence Papps, sister of the groom, and Miss Irene Schooley of Chicago.

Shea's Opening Bill.

A most pleasing bill, as well as a very expensive one, has been arranged for Shea's Theater next week. It will include many styles of acts now favored by vaudeville patrons, and will undoubtedly prove a drawing card from the first performance. Robert Fulgora, who styles himself the Transgressor, has a lightening change act, different from any other now on the stage, and faster than any one would expect. He gives imitations of world renowned persons, and one of the biggest hits of his act is when he gives an imitation of various jockeys, a description of the race, including an exciting finish, with scenery showing

the race track. Pat Rooney and Emma Francis, late of the Rogers Show, are dancers of unusual ability, in fact, during the present week in Buffalo they are getting five and six curtain calls every night. Tom Lewis and Sam J. Ryan, two very clever comedians, will be seen in a skit entitled "The Wireless Telephone." This is something new and said to be very funny. Artie Hall, the Genuine Georgia Girl, is singing new songs in her own inimitable way. Stanley and Wilson, who have just returned from Europe, are doing a sketch called "Before the Ball," which is replete with clever comedy. Beatrice Moreland has a most fascinating monologue, and her manner is so extremely attractive that she catches her audience the moment she steps on the stage. Humes and Lewis, the Kinetograph, and several other acts complete the bill.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
McWilliams—At Boston, Mass., Saturday, Aug. 18, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. McWilliams.
Chalk—Aug. 19, Toronto, Mrs. E. A. Chalk, a son.
Ferguson—Aug. 10, Barrie, Mrs. F. R. Ferguson, a daughter.
McCullough—Aug. 12, Alliston, Mrs. J. W. S. McCullough, a daughter.
Seagram—Aug. 11, Waterloo, Mrs. E. F. Seagram, a son.
Strachan—July 29, Orchard Beach, Lake Simcoe, Mrs. James Strachan, a son.
Tucker—Aug. 13, Toronto, Mrs. H. M. Tucker, a daughter (stillborn).
Vercoe—Aug. 11, Toronto, Mrs. H. L. Vercoe, a daughter.
Ritchie—Aug. 13, Toronto, Mrs. George M. Ritchie, a daughter.
Devitt—Aug. 11, Deer Park, Mrs. T. G. Devitt, a son.
Carlaw—Aug. 11, Campbellford, Mrs. (Dr.) T. W. Carlaw, a son.
McInnis—Aug. 15, Toronto, Mrs. J. H. McInnis, a son.
Arnold—Aug. 14, Toronto, Mrs. Stuart Arnold, a daughter.
Beaton—Aug. 13, Toronto, Mrs. Farquhar Beaton, a daughter.
Bendall—Aug. 16, New York, Mrs. Hamilton V. Bendall, twin boys.
Hayter—Aug. 17, London, Mrs. (Captain) R. J. F. Hayter, a daughter.
Lennard—Aug. 12, Dundas, Mrs. Harry Lennard, a son.
Lane—Aug. 14, Weston, Mrs. Frederick Lane, a son (stillborn).
Watts—Aug. 7, Toronto, Mrs. Charles J. Purkis, a son.
Watts—July 25, Toronto, Mrs. George W. Watts, a daughter.
Wilson—Aug. 12, Garafraza, Mrs. Matthew Wilson, a daughter.
Taitton—Aug. 19, Toronto, Mrs. George H. Taitton, a son.

Marriages.

Bourne-Jones—At St. Thomas' Church, on Saturday, Aug. 15th, 1903, by the

Rev. James S. Broughall, Emily Frances, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Foulkes Jones, to Humphrey Minchin Bourne, Toronto.
Maybee—Black—Aug. 12, George Allan Maybee to Margaret S. Black.
Fisher—Calder—Aug. 11, Cranbrook, Rev. P. Fisher to Kate Calder.
Fulton—Hill—Aug. 12, Winchester, Alexander Mackenzie Fulton, B.A., to E. Maud Hill.
Lawrence—Rolph—Aug. 12, Markham, Rev. S. A. Lawrence to Helen Eliza Rolph.
Bishop—Power—Aug. 13, Toronto, William Edward Bishop to Annie May Power.
Dow—Stirling—Aug. 13, Toronto, William James Dow to Elsie Margaret Stirling.
Beaumont—Coles—Aug. 6, Toronto, Geo. F. Beaumont to Minnie Louise Coles.
Dickinson—Drummond—Aug. 14, Johannesburg, S.A., Daniel Dickinson to Lillian Charlotte Drummond.
Tiffin—McCarthy—Aug. 15, Barrie, Frederick N. Tiffin to Frances Olivia McCarthy.
Parlington—Shearer—Aug. 10, Morden, Man., Walter Parlington to Janet Temple—Wood—Aug. 15, Klerksdorp, S.A., Reginald H. M. Temple, B.A., to Edith Wood.
Fulton—O'Rourke—Aug. 17, Toronto, Walter J. Fulton, B.A., to Mary O'Rourke.
Field—Love—Aug. 18, Toronto, Rev. Geo. A. Field, M.A., to Della Kate Love.
King—Bell—Aug. 12, Warton, Herbert Baxter King to Winifred Harriet Bell.
Hamilton—Gibbs—Toronto, John Cecil Hamilton, B.A., to Constance Genevieve Gibbs.
Heaney—Emmons—Aug. 17, Grand Rapids, Mich., Herbert Melville Heaney to Hattie Irene Emmons.
Twohey—Stall—Aug. 19, Buffalo, James E. Twohey to Diana F. Stall.
Newall—Chamberlain—Aug. 12, Sault Ste. Marie, A. G. Newall to Ethel N. Chamberlain.
Peacock—Wilson—Aug. 18, Toronto, Lionel R. Peacock to Ethel Wilson.
Spence—Patton—Aug. 11, Milton, McEwan Spence to Charlotte R. Patton.

Deaths.

Little—Toronto, F. G. Little, aged 54 years.
McIntyre—Aug. 12, Mrs. Jean McIntyre, Sanderson—Aug. 13, Robert Mitchell Sanderson, aged 5 months.
Wineberg—Aug. 13, Toronto, Mrs. Fannie Wineberg, aged 42 years.
Morrison—East Oakville, James B. Morrison, aged 52 years.
Flynn—Aug. 13, Toronto, Kathleen Chuck Flynn, aged 1 year.
Wallace—Aug. 9, Milton, Mrs. Eleanor Wallace, aged 33 years.
Campbell—Toronto, P. C. Campbell, aged 60 years.
Ratcliffe—Aug. 14, Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Hepburn Ratcliffe, aged 55 years.
Goring—Aug. 13, Niagara Township, Mrs. Sarah Melissa Goring, aged 82 years.
Brown—Aug. 4, Victoria, B.C., William Brown, aged 82 years.
Markle—Aug. 13, Forestville, Mrs. Jane McIntosh Markle.
Emmett—Aug. 9, 9, drowned in Caledon Lake, William H. Emmett, aged 18 years.
Lepper—Aug. 14, Toronto, Mrs. Jane McDonnell, aged 52 years.
Kennelly—Aug. 13, Chicago, Richard Kennelly.
Morrison—Aug. 15, Toronto, Mrs. Elizabeth Morrison, aged 52 years.
Pyke—Aug. 15, Toronto, George Allan Pyke, aged 54 months.
Patterson—Toronto, Isabella Patterson, aged 73 years.
Wood—Aug. 16, Port Hope, Frank Wood, aged 56 years.
Williamson—Aug. 16, Toronto, Mrs. Kate McKillop Williamson, aged 61 years.
Bennett—Aug. 16, Toronto, Hugh D. Bennett.
McGowan—Aug. 16, Toronto, Robert McGowan, aged 72 years.
Clements—Aug. 16, Milton, Mrs. Margaret Clements, aged 71 years.
Colville—Aug. 17, Toronto, Mrs. Jean Colville, aged 54 years.
Cook—Aug. 17, Toronto, Mrs. Catherine Cantelon Cook, aged 81 years.
Moodie—Aug. 17, Toronto, Mrs. Caroline

The Oxford Hot Water Heater was the first boiler of this type. We placed it on the market after years of study and experience in house heating. It is not only the original idea, but in that idea has been brought to the greatest perfection. In spite of all kinds of competition and imitation, the

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Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Ry.

(Ontario Government Railway)

\$2,750,000, 3 1/2 PER CENT. 30-YEAR GOLD BONDS,
Consisting of 5,500 Bonds, each \$500.00.
£102 14s 10d stg.

Guaranteed by the Province of Ontario.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to P. E. Ryan, Secretary-Treasurer, and marked "Tender for Bonds" will be received by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission at its offices in Toronto up to 10 o'clock a.m. of Saturday, 12th September, 1903, for the purchase of \$2,750,000 of bonds, to be delivered in Toronto.

\$2,000,000 on 1st October, 1903, and \$ 750,000 in three equal instalments on 1st December, 1903, 1st February, 1904, and 1st April, 1904.

The bonds will all be dated 1st October, 1903, and will be repayable thirty years from that date, with interest at 3 1/2 per cent. per annum half yearly on the first days of April and October in each year.

The issue will consist of 5,500 bonds each for \$500 or £102 14s 10d sterling. Both principal and interest will be payable in gold of the present standard of weight and fineness in Toronto or New York or in London, England, at the holder's option.

These bonds are issued under the authority and subject to the provisions of the statute of the Province of Ontario, authorizing the construction of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway, passed in the 2nd year of his Majesty King Edward VII., Chapter 9, as amended by the statute of the Province of Ontario, passed in the third year of the said reign, Chapter 4. The total bond issue in respect of the said railway is not to exceed \$2,000 for each mile of the railway and extensions and branches.

The railway being a Government enterprise and the commission being trustees for the Province, the payment of the principal and interest of the said bonds will be guaranteed by the Province of Ontario, and specifically secured by the bonds being by said statutes made a charge upon the franchise, the right of way, the roadbed and all permanent fixtures and appurtenances of the line of railway and on the proceeds of the sale of the land grant of 20,000 acres per mile, not including, however, the proceeds of the sale of timber or minerals thereon.

The said statutes provide that a separate and distinct account shall be kept by the Commissioner of Crown Lands of the Province of the proceeds of the sale of said lands, which, together with the surplus income of the commission from other sources, shall be paid over annually to the Provincial Treasurer to provide a sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds.

Such sinking fund is to be invested in such securities as the Lieutenant-Governor in Council from time to time shall think proper.

The contract was let in the month of October, 1902, for the construction of the main line from the Town of North Bay to Lake Temiskaming, a distance of 110 miles, work under which has been continuously prosecuted since that time.

Tenders for the deliveries of December, 1903, and February and April, 1904, must in all cases be for equal amounts of each delivery, subject to which tenders may be for the whole issue or for any part thereof, but where not for the whole issue must specify dates of delivery desired. Forms of tender will be supplied by the Secretary-Treasurer on application.

Bonds deliverable on 1st April, 1904, will have the first interest coupon detached and will consequently bear interest from the date of delivery.

As to the deliveries of December, 1903, and February, 1904, purchasers, in addition to the prices bid, will pay on delivery the interest accrued from 1st October, 1903.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit in the form of bank draft or accepted check on a chartered bank to the order of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway Commission for an amount equivalent to 5 per cent. of the par value of the amount of bonds covered by such tender, which deposit shall constitute a partial payment and be forfeited to the commission in the event of failure on the part of the tenderer to make full payment according to the terms hereof. The balance of the price must be paid on the respective dates of delivery as above.

The form of bond may be seen on application to the Secretary-Treasurer, and the validity thereof is certified by Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., counsel for the commission, whose report is appended in pursuance of the act of the Legislature, and of being guaranteed by the Province.

In my opinion, the bonds of the proposed issue will be a good and valid security, and binding on the Province, and a charge on the railway and land grant, according to their tenor, as set forth in the prospectus.

D. E. THOMSON, Counsel for the Commission.

Toronto, July, 1903.

TEMISKAMING & NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY COMMISSION.

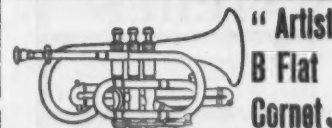
A. E. AMES, Chairman.

P. E. RYAN, Secretary-Treasurer.

Bird Moodie.
Pearson—Aug. 17, Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Pearson, aged 88 years.
Smith—Aug. 16, Hamilton, Clara Smith, aged 8 years.
Campbell—Aug. 17, Sebright, William Marshall Campbell, aged 56 years.
Hewson—Aug. 17, St. Catharines, Harry Phelps Hewson, aged 25 years.
Hoover—Aug. 17, Green River, Mrs. Mary White Hoover, aged 38 years.
Mearns—Aug. 18, Hanover, Helen Jane (Nellie) Mearns, aged 21 years.
Worts—Aug. 18, Toronto, Thomas Frederick Worts, aged 46 years.
Bailey—Aug. 18, Mrs. Janet Cameron Bailey.
Watts—Aug. 9, Toronto, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Watts.
Schofield—Aug. 15, Port Colborne, A. K. Schofield, aged 70 years.
Gray—Aug. 19, Uxbridge, Mrs. Ellen Murray Gray.
Calder—Aug. 19, Ingersoll, John A. Calder.

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